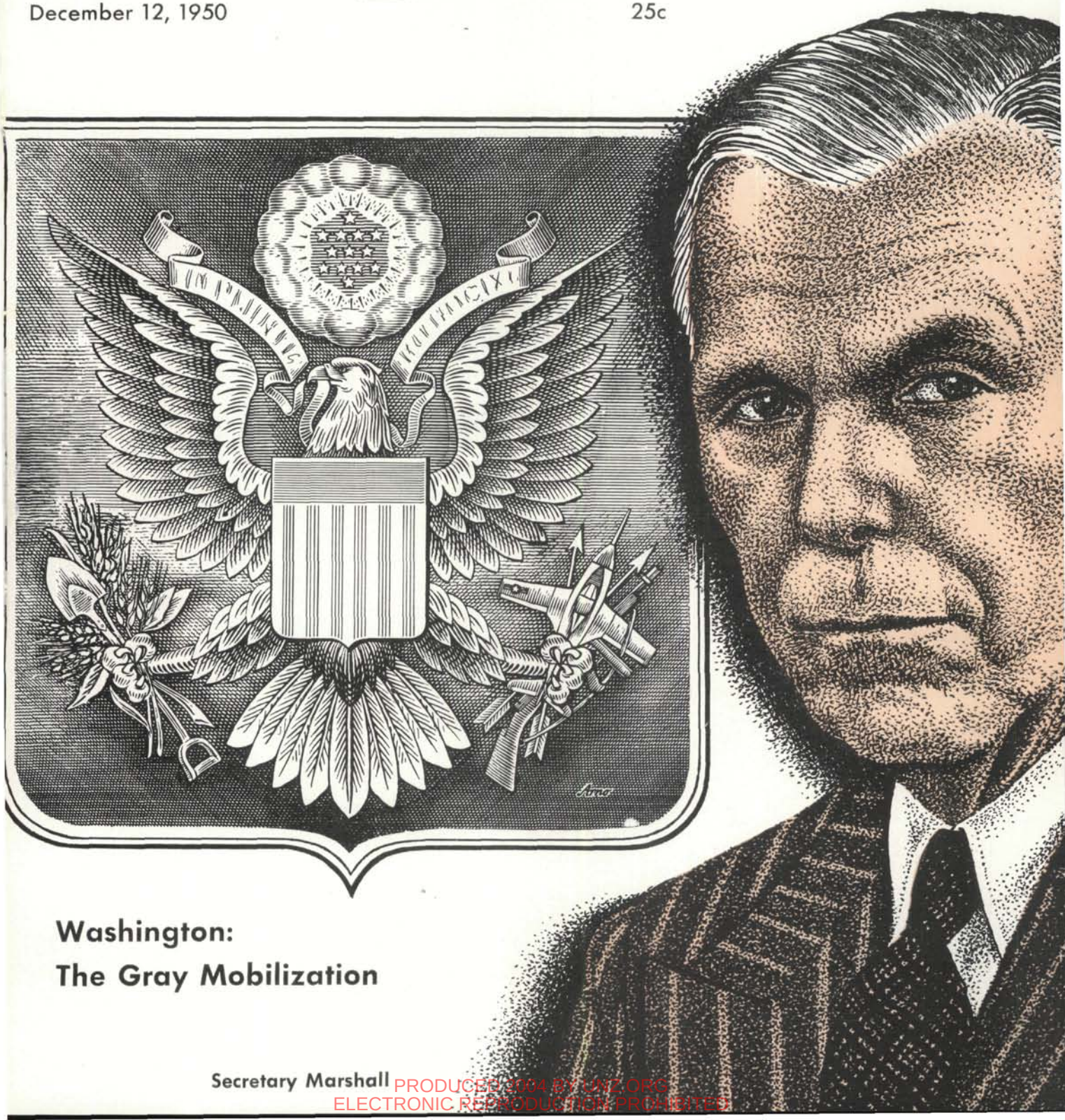
RED CHINA'S GAMBLE—AND OURS

THE BEST-KEPT ATOMIC SECRET

The Reporter

December 12, 1950 25c



Washington:
The Gray Mobilization

Secretary Marshall

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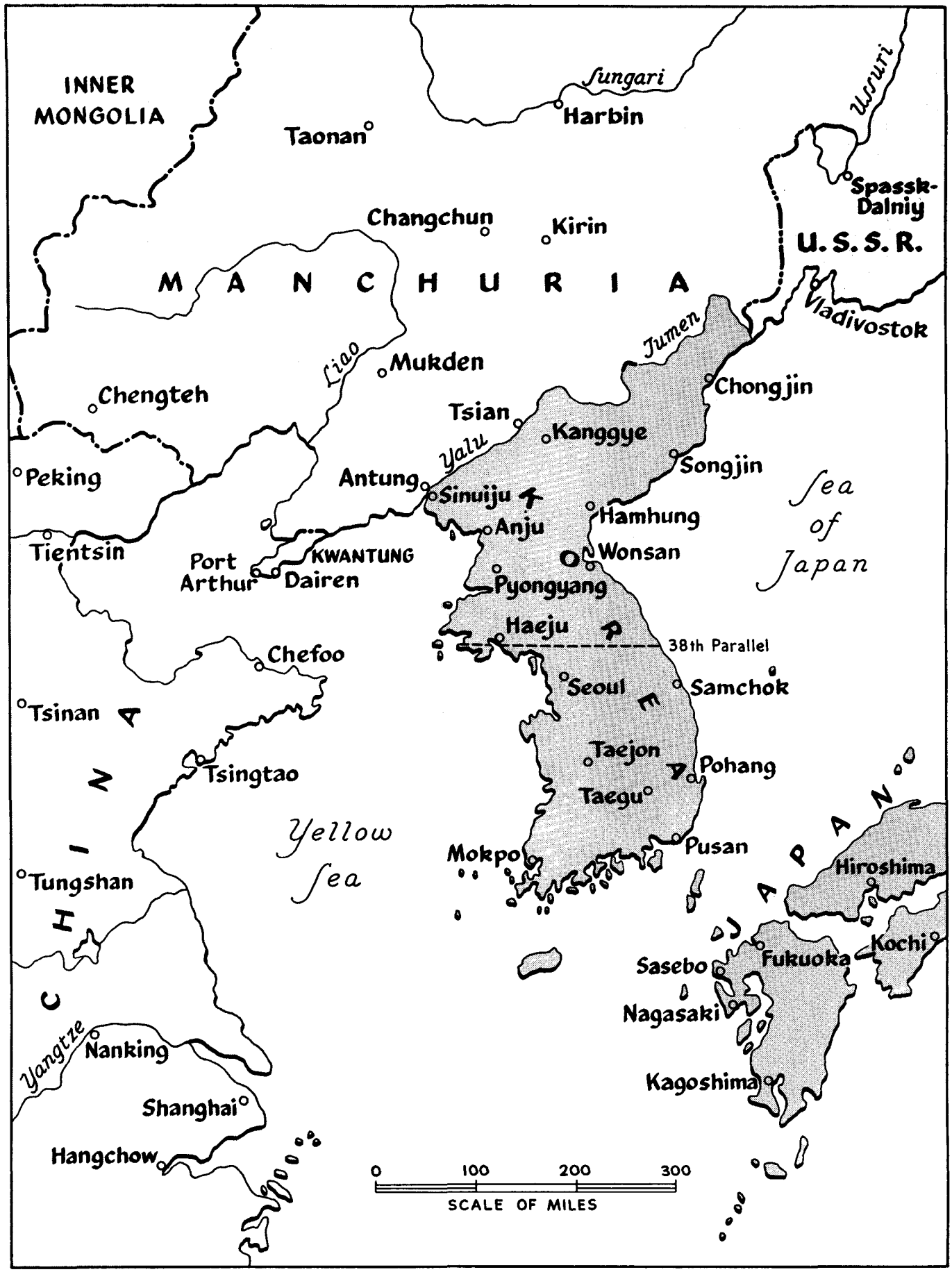

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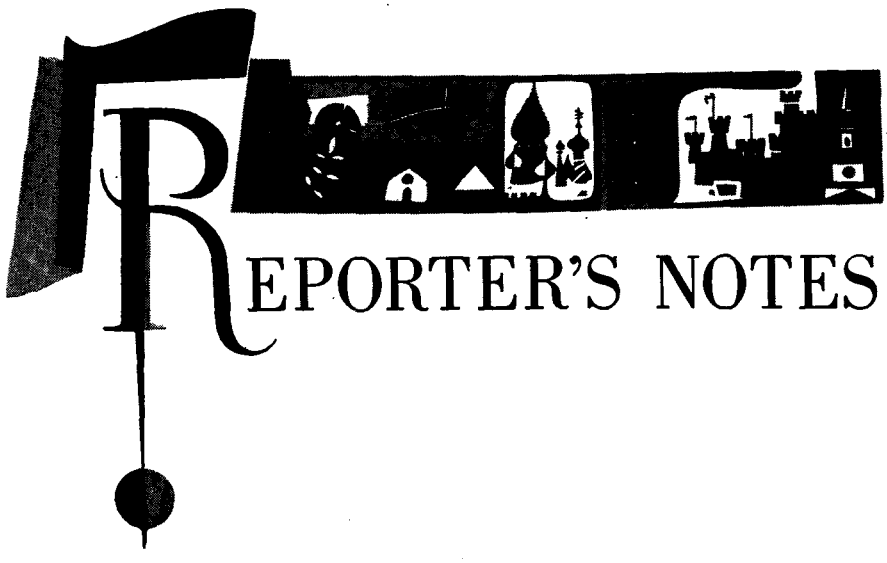

REPORTER'S NOTES

A Trap of Our Own Making

Do we ask ourselves often enough whether we are saying and thinking exactly what the Russians want us to say and think? Do we realize that this enemy, with whom we have now been struggling for years, has become so familiar with us that he can predict our reactions to his moves?

There must be a special bureau in Moscow, fairly high in the Soviet hierarchy, where every morning bright young officials compare what they had wished American writers and politicians to say with what actually has been said. Sometimes the Muscovites must marvel at the high fidelity with which their wishes have been registered by highly patriotic, rabidly anti-Communist Americans.

A case in point is the entirely justified excitement in our country about the danger of war with Red China. The Russians have been hard at work for some time persuading us to become warmongers. At first, the idea seemed so outlandish that most of us thought Molotov and Vishinsky were out of their minds when they yelled "warmonger!" But after a while some Americans caught on, and started preaching preventive war. Now the preventive warriors have acquired a more plausible argument: If Mao wants to push us out of Korea, we bring war to headquarters—which is Moscow.

The Russians, of course, know what they are doing. The United Nations' intervention in Korea makes sense as long as the war there remains limited, a test case of American determination and of U.N. solidarity. But if the conflict becomes broader, Korea again turns into the thorough liability, the indefensible position, that our joint chiefs of staff always knew it would be in a global war. Should this war come, to avoid a new Bataan we would have to try a new Dunkirk. The French and British forces fighting on the Asian mainland would do the same, assuming they had time and luck.

What the Russians want now is quite clear: They want to see us dismayed by the very prospect of a war with them that we ourselves would have to start. Our dread of this is overpowering enough to reconcile us to the loss, at least temporary, of all our positions in Asia—and not only in Asia.

The Peace Offensive

What is on now is probably a gigantic Communist peace offensive, with all the traditional ingredients: naked force, bluff, and blackmail. Plus, of course, the unwitting help of all those Americans who always react the way the Russians want them to. If the Communists give our Army some severe jolts, Vishinsky can come out at Lake Success with an offer of global peace —proposing the withdrawal of western troops from continental Asia and from a united Germany. A neat package that even the Americans who are now most vocal against Red China might be tempted to buy, because their own expectation of total war has prepared them for the complete loss of Asia. Most of the nations at the U.N. would be tempted too, out of sheer relief from the threat of an American-started war.

There is no doubt what policy our government should follow in this situation: stick to the U.N., strengthen the Acheson line. Some time ago our policy was defined as total diplomacy. It should be redefined now as total U.N. We must bind to our side all the nations that Communism threatens, convince them that we are in the right, strengthen their power to resist as we strengthen our own. But right now we must persuade all the nations which supported our initial action in Korea that in no case will we start a unilateral war, nor will we enter into unilateral peace negotiations with the Communist powers. We are not going to be dragged to a peace table, for we are willing to formulate at the U.N. the U.N. and U.S. conditions for peace.

In the meantime the U.N. forces in Korea can certainly be counted on to do the best possible fighting to hold the line.

Couldn't we, in our well-heated houses, hold the line too and learn what things we must not say, if we don't want to act as the Russians want us to? Couldn't we, for instance, stop prefacing all our remarks about war with the usual phrase: "It all depends on what Stalin and Mao decide." It doesn't, unless we let ourselves be provoked to the point where we appear to be the provokers.

There are some people who seem to be infallible at the art of producing good quotes for *Pravda*. To mention one, there is the garrulous president of the University of Pennsylvania. He has obviously lost his direct link with Stalin but he acts and talks as if he were hell-bent on reacquiring it, for he seldom says anything on foreign affairs that his Kremlin friend is not glad to hear.

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Correspondence

Philosopher and Friend

To the Editor: I came upon your periodical quite by accident, searching for a journal of opinion and ideas that would be a mean between the strict academic journals, whose influence is confined to professional circles, and the weekly news-fact journals whose content is, like the newspapers', chiefly facts devoid of idea-interpretation. So far I am quite enthusiastic about your *Reporter*. I am a teacher of philosophy and/or literature in a university, and feel there is urgent need for journals that bridge the gap between the group of abstract thinkers and the practical "doers" in American society. Your *Reporter* strikes me as a fine attempt at this difficult reconciliation, one of the very few.

F. X. James Owens
Washington, D. C.

Old-World Problems

To the Editor: I take this opportunity to compliment your editors on the fresh character and the contents of your magazine, both of which are for me, as a European, especially interesting and revealing, because they present something favorably different from much that is offered by most similar American magazines available to me here in the West Indies.

I am almost sure your magazine could do much in bringing necessary changes in many of the standard opinions of Europeans about America, opinions formed and still influenced chiefly by the various well-known standard publications with wider circulation that, for many non-American readers, are the only voices of American public opinion. Without being dull in the least, your magazine has a seriousness and a way of approach to Old-World problems that I find most revealing.

Hendrik de Pagter
Curaçao, N. W. I.

Anonymity and Epidermis

To the Editors: The review of *No Way Out* in the October 24 issue was a timely and laudable acknowledgment of the best movie on race prejudice ever to come out of Hollywood. As Leo Rosten wrote: "The story revolves around a Negro intern [doctor] in a white hospital." Apparently the young Negro doctor about whom the story revolves is not considered one of the actors. Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally, and Richard Widmark were all highly commended in this review for their excellent performances. Nary a word was written about the excellent performance also given by the young Negro doctor.

Perhaps his dramatic prowess will never be recognized because people are not interested in the acting of Negroes. Or perhaps he will always remain anonymous because of the shade of his skin. Films may win prizes for contributing to interracial understanding; but unless we realize in our own hearts just what interracial understanding is and then practice it, we will never accomplish the understanding which we have set out to promote. Many words have been written by many authors on the subject of race prejudice. How many of those authors have actually made a sincere effort to stamp out prejudice in their own hearts?

George Jarvis
Los Angeles, California

[*In the process of trimming Mr. Rosten's review to meet space requirements, the following passage was excised by a completely unprejudiced but harassed-for-time editor: "Sidney Poitier is dignified and winning as the Negro intern . . ."—the Editors.*]

'Calm Outlook'

To the Editor: I am writing to request a copy of the Editorial Balance Sheet, and the Index to Volume II of *The Reporter*.

I greatly enjoy the fine presentation and unbiased reporting of issues I find every fortnight in your magazine. You are to be congratulated for maintaining a calm outlook on issues which send so many into hysterics. As a student of political science in Oberlin College, I find your articles very informative and highly useful. The fact that the writing in *The Reporter* is of such a quality that the core of the subject matter is handled incisively makes your magazine tops on my reading list.

Robert E. Allen
Oberlin, Ohio

Left and Right

To the Editor: Let me confess that I first subscribed to find out whether you were Left or Right. It is a compliment to report that I still don't know. Your magazine is quite thought-provoking.

Here in Iowa, the Iowa Safety Congress is promoting safety with propaganda. As we have killed about five hundred on our highways so far this year, it hasn't been too successful. How about an article concerning auto accidents and the thirty thousand or more people killed by them in the United States each year?

It may sound trite, but by bringing out new aspects the article could help correct the public's sense of evaluation.

Dr. Charles W. Mapletthorpe, Jr.
Toledo, Iowa

Contributors

Harold R. Isaacs is the author of *No Peace for Asia*. . . . D. L. Flamand is the pseudonym of a government official who has served in the Philippines. . . . Claire Holcomb worked on the Manhattan Project and later for the Association of Scientists for Atomic Education. . . . Preston Schoyer is the author of three novels set in China, the latest of which is *The Ringing of the Glass*. . . . J. K. Galbraith, a lecturer at Harvard's Littauer Center, has recently returned from a trip to Europe. . . . Charles Wertenbaker and Lael Tucker will be remembered for their reports on Spain and Portugal printed in this magazine during June, July, and August, 1950. . . . Gerald W. Johnson wrote *American Heroes and Hero Worship*. . . . Marshall Andrews is a Washington correspondent who specializes in military affairs. . . . Peter Petrovich, a Clevelander, is a research worker and student. . . . Leo Rosten keeps readers of *The Reporter* informed on Hollywood and its products. . . . Cover by Arno; map by B. Starworth.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

December 12, 1950 Volume 3, No. 12

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Editorial

The Voice of America at Home

It has happened before, it will happen again. On the Wednesday and Thursday after the election, the people of the United States look, with a shock of pleasure or dismay, at their new features in the mirror of the returns. But toward the weekend the thought comes that after all the change hasn't been so great. On Sunday peace descends again on most of the excited or troubled souls. Another week begins, and then many more weeks, until the next election and the two mornings after.

November is the month of political turmoil, just as October is the month of the World Series. No one in his senses should eat much crow after the election, as many people did in 1948, for turkey and cranberry sauce are waiting on Thanksgiving. Seldom does anything very new or radical happen in American politics anyway, not even when the opposition party gains control. Remember 1946, remember 1942? The minority party is always likely to gain in an off year. There were many, many McCarthys before the one from Wisconsin. Ours is the country where revolutions occur most frequently—in television, for instance, or the speed of airplanes. But in American politics the words of Ecclesiastes apply: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Politics—Not for Export

It would be pleasant if the election tournaments were the private entertainment of the American people, something about which the outside world knew little and cared less, like the World Series. But it happens that our nation has identified its own interests with the institutions of democratic self-government in a large section of the world. We still think that internal peace is best established in countries where people are ruled by governments of their own choosing, for the people—so we proclaim every Fourth of July—must have the final word on all the issues that confront them.

We cannot say that during the last election the voters were asked to express their opinion on the issues that confronted them—a total war that may be imminent, the danger of inflation, and the exceedingly costly measures that must be taken to increase our national strength. The destiny of the American people may be affected by what happens in Manchuria or in a faëry, outlandish country like Tibet; yet the voters heard extremely little—not to mention Tibet—about Germany or the risk we run in Asia.

On the other hand, the voters cannot complain of not having heard enough about coddling Communists at home, the "New Deal-Fair Deal-Raw Deal," the "infamous" Taft-Hartley Act, the "no-good, do-nothing Eightieth Congress." The Democrats had no hesitancy whatsoever in proclaiming their lack of confidence in the Administration of Herbert Hoover.

Our government and our press still maintain that free and unfettered elections can solve political conflicts anywhere in the world, even among the tribesmen of Kashmir or the nomads of Libya. Our own elections have certainly been, for all we know, free and unfettered. But nobody can say that they have been anything to write abroad about.

It is a rule of the electoral game that in the flow of campaign oratory the issues must be simplified, colored, and frequently distorted. Simplification, coloration, and distortion are scarcely trade secrets of the politicians, who normally take their cues from the sensational press. The politicians and sensational press agree that the public has no time to think problems through and cares more for the personalities of the candidates than for their programs. The perspiring, orating, handshaking candidate is actually what the campaign is all about.

Wise observers of the game of politics can reassure the shocked moralists by pointing out a long list of valuable men high in our public life who got elected under false pretenses and unsavory auspices. Indeed, we should be grateful to the old-age-pension movements, to the crooked city machines, which have catapulted worthy politicians into the national arena. When they landed, lo and behold, many of them behaved like statesmen.

Sometimes, however, the rough game of politics may become a reckless gamble with the nation's destiny. Sometimes the oversimplification and distortion of issues reaches the proportion of deliberate, purposeful falsehood—falsehood that is not likely to

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be removed from public life once the men who have used it take the seats of power.

Of course there is no reason to doubt the assertions of such responsible men as Senator Taft that isolationism is a thing of the past, that nobody in our country except the idiots advocates nonconcern with the affairs of the outside world. However, the officials whose job it is to concern themselves with our interests in the rest of the world were, during the election, subjected to merciless vilification and abuse. Nor did most of the Democratic candidates distinguish themselves by their defense of these pilloried public servants.

If there is a deep-seated sentiment in the country, it is anti-Communism. Yet it has been amazing to see how many candidates have preferred to lash out at the puny Communism we have at home rather than tell the voters about the sacrifices, the faith, that the world-wide struggle against Communism demands.

The Russians have a word for it: deviationism. The whole campaign was marked by a series of deviations from the hard facts of our life in our time. A few days before the citizens went to the polls, the Red Chinese armies started building up their strength in Manchuria. Before long, the newspapers say, our soldiers in North Korea—the largest and best part of our Army—will be enveloped in subzero weather. The execrations against coddling Communists at the State Department, the "New Deal-Fair Deal-Raw Deal," and the "no-good, do-nothing Eightieth Congress" are not likely to offer great guidance to our national legislators.

No matter whether real or phony issues stirred the people, the election returns are in. The fact that they are favorable to the Republican Party should be welcomed by everybody who cares for the two-party system. Moreover, at this particular moment, when for the first time in American history we have to budget—and budget strictly—our wealth, our strength, and our manpower, it is quite proper to see the party that has consistently been against loose programs and loose spending regain the ascendancy.

The voters wanted to say something, although it is difficult to figure out what. Still it must be respected—even though they expressed themselves after a deafening, meaningless electoral campaign. They went to the polls in comparatively large numbers for an off year; they showed a remarkable will to do the best they could with the choices that confronted them by splitting tickets; they were frequently faced by impossible alternatives.

It seems highly unlikely that the voters of America wish to secure peace by preventive war, or to mark out do-or-die defense lines embracing Formosa, Madrid, and the American Medical Association, or to tear up the binding agreements their recent Congresses—including the Eightieth—signed with the rest of the world.

The voters of America seemed somewhat in a fog about our foreign policy, or rather about what to do against Russia. But they had never been told much about our foreign policy, and somehow the amazingly skillful performance of their State Department has never been brought home to them. The State Department has started and is conducting a policy of containment against Soviet Russia, but there seems to be little containment yet of the dark forces making for anarchy and fear within our own borders.

Now, as a result of the election, one party has power without responsibility. The other has responsibility with little, or precarious, power. Their nearly equal strength can make for a deadlock. Which means that the initiative in our foreign policy would be largely left to Stalin and Mao.

To avoid catastrophe, the patriotic men who lead both parties can by mutual consent impose a number of moratoria on foreign and domestic issues. Certainly nothing could be more calamitous for the nation and for the world than a decision by the Democratic Party to let the Eighty-second Congress pile up a record that the President might denounce to the people at the 1952 elections. And we cannot have two foreign policies at the same time, one still called bipartisan, the other advocated by some Republican Congressmen and publishers who claim a U.S. general as their putative leader.

Strategy of Truth

To win this conflict we are in, we are told by some of our most respected military leaders like Eisenhower, we must use something more than the strategy of well-deployed armies. We need a strategy of truth. But why don't we start trying out the strategy of truth on the American people? Why do we let their minds be befogged by phony, oversimplified issues? What's wrong with them—are they dumber than the people under totalitarian tyranny? It should not be seditious to demand that our candidates for office treat our people with as much respect as the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe treat the people under Soviet domination.

Truth is not something that falls out of the sky or grows on trees. It requires hard work to clear away the trivial from the essential, to find those vital basic elements that appeal to the heart of man as the things that he wants to hear and act upon.

As long as the American people are not told the truth, one of the weakest links in the Atlantic-U.N. alliance is the United States, at the precinct level.

—MAX ASCOLI

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Yalu River Or Rubicon?

The most difficult thing about the Asian crisis now is to see it clearly. Below are the roots embedded in irretrievable history. Above is a jungle of tangled peoples and purposes through which we find we have to travel in order to survive. Awareness of our stake in the history made on the Rhine and the Po and on the Volga came late enough. On top of it, kaleidoscopically, came the impress of Japan, of China, of unlikely war on tiny Pacific islands and in the Burma forests. Now, without pause, history crowds us not only in the far valley of the Yalu River in Korea but on the Tonkin Delta and up on the spaces of the Tibetan plateau. We discover that even a palace coup in a place called Katmandu in a country called Nepal on the Himalayan slopes can have something to do with the order of things in Ohio and Maryland.

As armies move and clash in remote places and lines are spoken by propagandists, politicians, and diplomats, more and more of it sounds like another mordant chapter in a satire written by George Orwell. The grimmest kind of realities become obscure. What is light here is shadow there. What appears to be the most resolute and decisive kind of action turns out to be a groping gesture that remains incomplete. In the fighting this side of the Yalu River in Korea, the issue may be power dams or the fate of the world, and the astounding fact is that we cannot be sure which it is.

This recession of objective fact was illustrated in a small but demonstrative way when the U.N. Security Council invited Communist China to answer charges that it had intervened in Korea. Upon voting for the invitation (he insisted that it was really a "summons"), U.S. Delegate Warren Austin explained that he recognized no such entity as the "Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China." After him, Jacob Malik, likewise voting for the invitation, formally announced that the Soviet Union did not recognize the existence of the U.N. Command under General MacArthur, on whose report the charges of intervention were brought.

Thus, taking both views and affirmative votes together, it appeared that the representatives of a nonexistent government had been asked to come to Lake Success to answer charges made by a nonexistent military command. It was a study in silhouettes, like a Chinese shadow play. Then the Peking Government refused the invitation to discuss *its* intervention in Korea, agreeing only to come to discuss *American* intervention in Korea, along with the supposedly coupled issue of Formosa.

It was all about the same real war, costing the lives of real men, going on in the real mountain passes and valleys of a country running with real wounds. Men, not ectoplasmic substitutes, would face each other at Lake Success, each looking at the other in his own mirror, and the whole issue of world peace was going to depend on what the mirrors showed and what was said. It is not easy to maintain the detachment needed to see how monumentally ironic this really all is.

Consider another set of juxtaposed cross-purposes. Whatever else is involved, it is unquestionably a fact that the Chinese Commmunists really fear an American attack on China through Manchuria. They see the advance of a predominantly American army up the Korean peninsula much as we would view a Russian Army moving up toward the Rio Grande. They are shifting whole armies, moving indus-

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trial plants, girding cities, and preparing their people for blows. Yet an American war in China is most earnestly unwanted, particularly by Americans whose business is the planning of war. Moral, social, and political considerations apart, such a war would be an unmitigated disaster.

That is why the American military did not want large American forces committed in Korea in the first place, and more recently had happily planned to get them out. From the Chinese view, the American advance through Korea was a threat of aggression that had to be countered by intervention. From the American view, the Chinese intervention prevented a withdrawal that had already been prepared and, in the case of some air units, had actually already begun.

The threat of Chinese-Russian intervention hung over the Korean venture from the beginning. Just before the crossing of the 38th parallel, Peking explicitly warned that it would move if the line was crossed. The gamble was taken, largely on the calculation that the Chinese Communists would have moved much earlier if they had really wanted to save their North Korean allies from rout and destruction. But it developed that the Chinese threat was not a bluff. As U.N. forces approached the Manchurian border, they ran into Chinese Communist troops deployed around the big Yalu dams. American forces, which were supposed to have been held farther south, were moved up. American air units began hitting the river crossings to check the movement of men and supplies from Manchuria. On the ground obscure clashes and maneuvers followed. But the whole situation had clearly been transformed. What had seemed like the final days of a successful "small" war suddenly began to look like the first days of a much bigger war, heavy with the threat of disaster.

At worst, the new situation opened the prospect of a major war with China, broadening irresistibly into a new world war. This was certainly unwanted by the U.S. and the U.N. and, from every indication, seemed probably unintended by the Chinese. Amid a mountingly ferocious propaganda campaign, they continued to speak of a "peaceful settlement" in Korea. Short of immediately touching off the big war, however, the Chinese move threatened to prolong the Korean conflict indefinitely. The effect would be the slow bleeding of the bulk of American combat ground forces in a narrow peninsula, fruitlessly draining away a mounting measure of American lives and resources, and leaving Kremlin-guided forces freer to operate elsewhere. It was easy to foresee that this would lead to American military pressure either to retaliate against the Chinese beyond the border or to pull out of an impossible situation.

Finding a way out of this new impasse is not going to be solely up to the present makers of American policy. For one thing, circumstances are quite capable of forcing the issue toward solutions that nobody wants; the rational choices tend to become the least possible. For another thing, too great an area of decision is occupied by others.

There is, first and above all, the matter of what the Russians and Chinese intend. They are in a position to determine the shape of things in northeastern Asia, especially in the small corner of it where the fighting is actually going on. They are militarily quite capable of reconquering Korea. They are also capable, by more limited action, of keeping the whole Korean issue unresolved. Assuming that their objectives fall short of precipitating a major war, they still have a wide area of maneuver and an extremely strong bargaining position.

Mao Tse-tung

In assessing the position of the Moscow-Peking axis, it is tempting to attribute to them a super-Machiavellian strategic design and to concede to them a consistency in action which we never seem able to achieve. We have to remember that they too act expediently and opportunistically, are capable of the grossest errors of judgment, and have aims which are by no means free of internal contradictions and conflicts. For the Russians, however, the present situation seems to serve the following purposes:

1. Embroils China with the U.S., a consummation Moscow has devoutly wished for and long sedulously sought.
2. Retrieves what looked like a bad error of Russian judgment made at Korean expense and turns a loss into a gain by pinning down large American forces.
3. Welds the Chinese Communists more closely to the Kremlin by involving them in commitments they can pursue successfully only with major Russian aid.
4. Provides, possibly, the elements of a new peace offensive based upon the offer of a settlement in Korea.

The Chinese Communists, their rule barely established, are driven at an accelerated pace into external adventures. They act in part under Russian dictation, in part under the dictation of their own circumstances. They are driven by that complex of power and fear, common to Russia and similarly situated countries, which makes every contiguous area a zone they must control. Part defensive mania, part expansionist pressure, it keeps all mutual relations with neighboring countries basically insecure. Applied now in Korea and Tibet, this factor will govern China's future relations with Indo-China, Burma, Thailand, and India. However far below the present surface it may be, it applies in Chinese-Russian relations as well. With these elements in mind, it can be said that for the Chinese Communists the military intervention in Korea serves these purposes:

1. Puts them, most concretely and immediately, in a position to keep the Yalu power system out of hostile hands.
2. Enables them to react beyond their own borders to what they consider an actual American threat to them.
3. Puts them in a position to bargain

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effectively on both Korea and Formosa.

4. Gives them the chance to strengthen their own grip on Manchuria and make it less directly subject to Russian control.

5. Puts Peking in the position of bailing the North Korean Communists out of the well into which the Russians drove them.

Governed obscurely or deliberately by any or all of these aims and impulses, the Moscow-Peking axis exerts the major power of decision in Korea right now, and the course of events will depend primarily upon what they do there.

The area of decision occupied by the United States and its friends in the present issue is more limited and more clearly segmented. This does not mean in the least that in the face of mortal crisis this country is helpless and doomed. It does mean that there are facts and realities that have to be viewed unblinkingly.

The U.N. is a stronger entity than it was, thanks to the Acheson-sponsored changes that transformed the Assembly into a body with power to act. But it is still a conglomeration of particular national interests that have hardly found their way as yet to any firm common ground. The nearest thing in it to an allied entity is the North Atlantic Community, but in a military sense at least this is still a plan on paper, not a force in being. In face of the onset of a major war in Asia, the nations of western Europe would regard themselves as disastrously exposed, as indeed they would be. Their pressure on the United States to avert the prospect of a general war beginning in Asia now will be insistent.

Beyond Europe, the outlook is even dimmer. The Middle Eastern Arabs will in almost any eventuality stand complacently aside. The non-Communist countries of South Asia, which so reluctantly joined in supporting U.N. initiative in the narrow issue of North Korean aggression, will unquestionably want to stand apart from any bigger issue that may now be joined. They will be fragmented by their mistrust of the United States and the alternating repulsion and attraction of the new Russian-Chinese colossus of the Asian north. Taken all together, these attitudes mean that in the worst eventuality of an intercontinental war, the United States would have to depend primarily upon itself.

America's own power of decision in Asia has been steadily whittled down by the events of the last five years. Now it has been reduced further by the outcome of the November 7 election. We enter upon one of the most critical junctures in our history with forces represented by the neo-isolationist Taft and the Know-Nothing McCarthy in a position to backseat-drive the Congress. New power, if not decisive influence, has fallen to a group of politicians who have played on popular fears and confusion by the most irresponsible kind of demagoguery over precisely the issue of American policy and action in Asia. Their use of this new power will be one of the decisive elements in American policy in the dangerous times ahead.

Playing fast and loose with the world crisis for opportunist partisan-political purposes is a dangerous game in any circumstances. If the same procedure is followed now that these people have been given added power and responsibility by a bewildered electorate, the results can be baleful indeed. This group holds a basically isolationist attitude toward Europe and a super-interventionist attitude toward Asia, the latter not because they have thought through any of the problems but because it is a handy means of embarrassing the Administration. It was one thing to win votes by arguing that the chief pillars of American policy in Asia have to be Chiang Kai-shek and Douglas MacArthur. It will be another thing to try to impose a policy actually based on that premise. One can classify as pessimistic the view that this is exactly what they intend to do, and that they will act on the assumption that it is more important to determine the party label of the President elected two years from now than to keep the country secure between now and then. The optimistic view is that the new weight of responsibility and the gravity of the crisis will sober them up.

All this means that the space in which we have to move right now is painfully small. If the Communist objective in Korea remains limited, it obviously becomes a matter of the terms, however fragile and unsatisfactory, which will give us time, at least to shift ground, at most to dissipate the worst of the present dangers. If Peking's short-term goal in Korea is to keep the Yalu power system and a North Korean buffer zone in "safe" hands and, perhaps, to strike a bargain on Formosa, at this writing it appears likely that such a deal can be packaged by the Peking delegates when they arrive at Lake Success. It remains to be seen whether they are ready to talk such terms, are determined to press for more, or are ready to push their advantage beyond the outermost limits of possible negotiation.

If the Russian intent proves in fact to be an all-out attack designed to drive U.N. forces from Korea, the issue becomes heavier and sharper. This country will have to weigh then the fate of its forces in Korea itself, the state of the West's defenses, and the relative positions of the United States and Russia in Europe and Asia. The chances are that, despite all the adverse circumstances, the pressure to carry the issue of war or peace directly to the Kremlin would in any case become irresistible.

The Kremlin will in that event have to decide whether it is ready to pay for a Korean retrieval with a world war or whether it will have to step back and settle for what it can get. This, at its baldest, is the way the issue is now posed. The most hopeful element in it is the continuing conviction that the Kremlin, ready enough to expend its satellites in risky maneuvers, is by no means ready to take the greatest risk of all upon itself. —HAROLD R. ISAACS

The Reporter's *editorial views on the international implications of the present situation in North Korea will be found in* "The Reporter's *Notes" on page 1.*

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The Philippines:

Liberty and License

"The difficulty," reads a weary sentence in the Bell Mission's recent report on the Philippines, "is not so much in knowing what to do as in getting it done." After all, economic, social, and political crises have been chronic in the Philippines since the end of the war. But their root causes, which Daniel W. Bell and his colleagues explored rather thoroughly this summer, have not changed greatly since 1945; nor have we been treated to any revolutionary new ideas for solving them. What we must cope with today is a new pressure on the United States to mend its fences in Asia—and the Philippine fence is in particular need of repair.

When it comes to appropriating money for the benefit of a foreign nation, the Washington pattern calls for a scare technique. We created Lend-Lease because we were scared. We put over the British loan of 1946 because we were scared. We established the Marshall Plan because we were scared. When the Communists in Korea threw a greater scare into us than ever before, we inevitably reacted by re-examining our responsibilities in the Far East.

This does not mean that the State Department was unaware of the Philippine crisis before June 25. The survey conducted by Bell and his colleagues had been planned in the spring. But had it not been for the Korean experience, the Bell Mission's recommendations would have attracted little more public attention than those of the Griffin Mission, which last spring covered the five other countries of Southeast Asia.

The problem itself has not changed. It is essentially a moral one. Before the war, the Philippines had advanced rapidly toward the goal of independence, set for 1946. Through the years, an adaptation of the American economic and political pattern—if not of our

social pattern—had been worked out to fit Filipino needs. A corps of pretty able, honest, and sophisticated public servants had been trained; heading the Commonwealth was the doughty, volatile, and highly competent Manuel L. Quezon. What Quezon gave the Filipinos, more than anything else, was a combination of personal leadership, which meant willingness to make decisions, and a political philosophy which, though it swung to extremes at times, never departed from a concept of continuing responsibility to the people. Unfortunately, Quezon died in 1944.

With war, Japanese occupation, and postwar chaos, the country disintegrated morally. The survivors who might have been expected to assume leadership after liberation had been spoiled or disillusioned. It became more important to make a financial killing, by fair means or foul, than to rebuild the country on stable foundations. The dreadful mix-up on what to do about the wartime collaborators ended in a virtual vindication of betrayal. American help, which was poured in to the extent of $1.6 billion, was frittered away on novelties and junk from the United States. Prices soared; wealth concentrated ever more rapidly on the corrupt or the already rich; and the real earnings of Juan de la Cruz, the John Doe of the islands, gave him a standard of living lower than it had been for many years before the war.

Today the finances of the government are near collapse. The Treasury has a large and mounting deficit. The government's credit is about gone. In some provincial areas, schoolteachers have not been paid for months. The country's dollar position in international trade is rapidly weakening—and will become worse now that the flow of American funds for war-damage compensation, veterans' payments, and military expenses is thinning out. The government's tax-collecting machinery has become a joke.

Under all this is a quagmire of incompetence and corruption. Too many key Filipino officials simply do not understand what is happening in their country. Of the remainder, too many do not care. A member of the Bell Mission, apparently new to the Far East, was shocked when he entered one government office to find no more than five or six of the thirty employees in the room at work. The rest were standing around talking or reading newspapers. One woman was busy with her embroidery. An embarrassed supervisor explained: "Most of them are political protégés. They will not accept discipline." Another official told him about the constant pressure from big-time politicians to find government jobs for friends and relatives "where they can make the most money"—and the reference was not to official salaries. In the Bureau of Customs, for instance, investigative and appraising jobs are much in demand because, "although the salaries are very low, they

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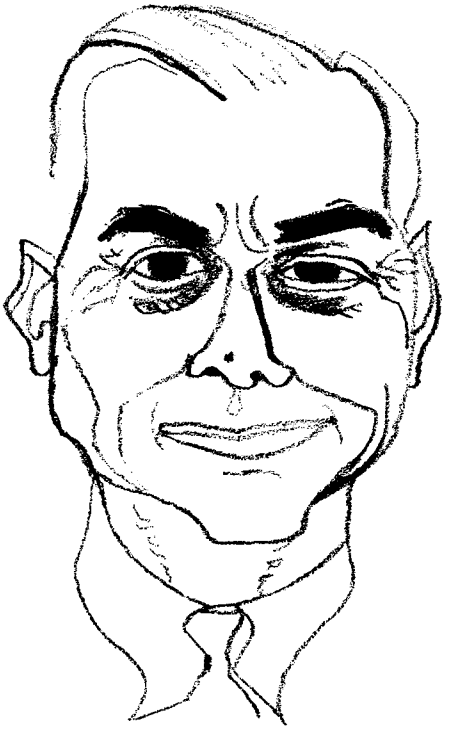

The late President Manuel Quezon

are very well paid and there is plenty on the side."

In an unimportant part of the world (if there is such a place) or in a land whose people are unawakened, official dishonesty and irresponsibility may be deplorable but not dangerous. The Philippines is not unimportant to us. Through our half century of association, we have reached the point where the peoples of Asia tend to judge us by what happens to the Filipinos. And the Filipinos themselves are rather prone to judge us by that standard, which would seem only natural. With the Communist-led Huks still able to show force within a few miles of Manila, and with Red China itself only a few hundred sea and air miles from Luzon, the Filipinos understand how much their country now means in terms of global strategy. They tend to take for granted America's urgent need to keep them above water, and—with mixed memories of what war did to them while they were under the American flag—they believe that they have an absolute right to our help.

In a more sophisticated age, the State Department might have considered making a moral survey of the Philippines. Instead, with the none too enthusiastic approval of President Elpidio Quirino, President Truman announced in June that he was sending an Economic Survey Mission to the islands. He chose as its chief former Under Secretary of the Treasury Bell, who is now president of a large Washington bank. The other members and advisers—twenty-two in all, not counting the administrative and secretarial staff—came mostly from government agencies, with a sprinkling of outside technicians and businessmen.

Quirino once again revealed his political ineptitude by his failure to create the impression that the mission had been initiated by him, and that in some manner he had encouraged it to be brutally frank. A Quezon might have smothered the mission with his own personality and made it his own, at least in the minds of his countrymen; and its strictures would have been understood as directed against the situation rather than against his own Administration. There is plenty of evidence that the White House would have preferred to see Quirino behave that way. As it has turned out, the mission was in effect compelled to level its criticism at the very man with whom, for good or ill, our technicians will have to co-operate in implementing the Bell Report.

Certainly the criticism was candid:

"The economic situation has been deteriorating in the past two years and the factors that have brought this about cannot be expected to remedy themselves. . . . If the situation is allowed to drift there is no certainty that moderate remedies will suffice. . . . The standard of living of most people is lower than before the war. . . . The finances of the government have become steadily worse and are now critical. . . . Unless foreign-exchange receipts are increased or excessive dependence on imports decreased, import and exchange controls will have to become even more restrictive. . . . Little of fundamental importance was done to increase productive efficiency and to diversify the economy. . . . Almost nothing was done to open new lands for the increased population, to improve the methods of cultivation, or to better the position of farm workers and tenants. . . .

"The inequalities in income in the Philippines, always large, have become even greater during the past few years. While the standard of living of the mass of people has not reached the prewar level, the profits of businessmen and the incomes of large landowners have risen very considerably. . . .

"There is a widespread feeling of disillusion. Most agricultural and industrial workers have no faith that their economic position can or will be improved. Businessmen fear a collapse of the peso. The uncertainties created by these doubts are strengthened by the recent tendency toward unemployment resulting from the slowing up of construction and the sharp curtailment of imports. . . .

"Inefficiency and even corruption in the government service are widespread. Leaders in agriculture and in business have not been sufficiently aware of their responsibility to improve the economic position of the lower income groups. The public lacks confidence in the capacity of the government to act firmly to protect the interests of all the people. The situation is being exploited by the Communist-led Hukbalahap movement to incite lawlessness and disorder."

The whole Bell research job, despite the inclusion of many facts and figures which no one had before succeeded in prying out of the Manila authorities, adds up to a rather familiar picture of the Philippine situation. The novelty of the report lies in the fact that it says publicly and officially what gov-

Luis Taruc, Hukbalahap leader

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ernments ordinarily prefer to keep locked in their classified files. A Filipino, or for that matter any Asian, might be inclined to wonder whether, in a similar extremity, the State Department would be prepared to make public so forthright an analysis of conditions in, say, Great Britain or France. Yet there is nothing patronizing in the tone of the report. Where there is frankness, it stems from honest shock. However, the public expression of the mission's shock—even allowing for the current fashion of diplomatic bluntness—may arouse considerable resentment across the Pacific. The bitter diatribe against the report that was issued in Quirino's name by his secretary and later disavowed by the former may have been tactless in its references to America's "racketeering" and "so-called standard of living," but it did indicate the rawness of Oriental nerves.

Such emotional reactions may deflect us from what is truly new—not in the report but in the problem with which the report deals. We have in the Philippines an interesting sequence of events:

Under American domination, the people of the Philippines rapidly developed from a subservient colonial status to the point where it seemed probable that they could stand on their own feet. American colonial policy, in other words, brought about an independent Philippines.

Since the war, and certainly since the formal establishment of the Republic in 1946, the country has rapidly slipped back into the worst kind of colonialism. It is dependent for economic and financial survival on a "mother country," the United States. It is governed by men who, in too large part, have no real sense of responsibility to the overwhelming majority of the people. And a class distinction, between the small group of families with money, power, and prestige on the one hand, and the millions of Juan de la Cruzes on the other, has become so marked as to resemble the distinction between the Europeans and the "natives" in the classical nineteenth-century colonial society.

Now the United States, under pressure of sentimental attachment to the Philippines and—more realistically—of its international posture, is faced with the complex and knotty problem

President Elpidio Quirino

of decolonializing the Philippines all over again.

As a first step to carry out this purpose, Mr. Bell's group proposes that we set aside $250 million (to be appropriated, presumably, by Congress) which would be used as both a cure and a club. This sum, and the program for which it would pay, would be controlled by a five-year technical mission to Manila. The money would, in effect, be advanced or withheld in accordance with the willingness of "the Philippine government to carry out the recommendations . . . including the immediate enactment of tax legislation and other urgent reforms. . . ."

The plan itself covers six broad areas: finances, agriculture, industrial production, foreign trade, social reforms, and public administration. Its recommendations range all over the lot. Some are sweeping; a few get down to near-trivial detail. The report is studded with the word "should."

Under the plan the inflationary spiral would be stopped by an overhaul of the government's financial structure and methods, and by a stringent tax reorganization. Agricultural production would be stepped up. The long-overdue land reforms would at last begin, with government purchase of large estates for resale to small farmers, with large-scale resettlement, and with rural banks to replace rural usurers.

The economy of the country would be strengthened and diversified through encouragement of new industries, expansion of established ones, exploration of natural resources, and creation of a Philippine Development Corporation that would ultimately take the place of the existing jumble of government companies. The mission also came up with the idea of a two-year twenty-five per cent emergency tax on imports of all goods other than food staples and fertilizers.

In addition, the plan involves a series of proposals for improving public health, education, urban housing, labor relations, working conditions, and wages. It recommends improvements in public administration "so as to insure honesty and efficiency in government." Here its principal idea is that government salaries should be raised to make graft less necessary. The plan would also put an American at the elbow of nearly every key Filipino, to keep an eye on his honesty as well as on his performance.

Will it work? That depends on a great many intangibles.

The first of these is whether Congress will go for so ambitious a program. Since 1945, more than $1.6 billion has been poured into the Philippines, including $300 million for damages, $427 million through the military agencies, $60 million through an RFC loan, and $100 million in surplus property. This tremendous flow of money, without any real controls, has brought a certain amount of reconstruction but practically no rehabilitation. It has also brought inflation. It has given to some Filipinos the earnest conviction that they can always count on U.S. help in time of need. It has entrenched the wealthy and powerful; and the "trickle-down" theory, that ultimately the masses will benefit, has not worked out in practice.

All this, presumably, will be changed now by careful spending of a quarter of a billion additional dollars. Conceivably, it could happen—provided the Filipinos themselves want it to happen. There is no guarantee yet that they do. The government officials are wary of Americans who may interfere with their methods; the businessmen and landowners may not be keen about

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pressure to pay higher wages or to give tenants greater shares in the produce of the land; and Juan de la Cruz himself, who was once joyously loyal to the United States, has become rather cynical about high-flown plans which so far have done him little good.

Pervading the whole situation, of course, is the Oriental inferiority complex, which today takes the form of exaggerated nationalism. "The Filipinos can and do admit there is something wrong with them, their country and government," raged Quirino's secretary in his attack on the report, "and they want to do something about it—but they cannot be bullied to accept that their friends, however well meaning and altruistic, have cornered all the stock there is of efficiency, competence, vision and integrity in the world." And he pointed out rather rudely that we have our share of misbehavior in high places.

Somerset Maugham once quoted an imaginary future historian of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire as remarking of the British colonial administrators: "They offered efficiency to people to whom a hundred other things were of more consequence and sought to justify themselves by the benefits they conferred on people who did not want them. As if a man in whose house you have forcibly quartered yourself will welcome you any the more because you tell him you can run it better than he can!"

This does not necessarily revive the "happy savage" argument. It raises a serious question as to our own ability to adapt our methods to Filipino needs (or to the needs of other Asian countries, for that matter). Our problem is not to improve the Filipino standard of living and establish economic and political stability for the sake of these goals in themselves, but for the sake of the Filipinos. If we were to be merely mechanistic in our approach, we should simply make a colony out of the Philippines again. It is hard to imagine a better way to lose all Asia to Communism.

The aim, instead, must be a new liberation of the Philippines, so that its people will be strong against either defeatism or Communism—and so that they will be a symbol of a workable future for all the peoples of the East.

—D. L. FLAMAND

Bright Autumn, Gray Mobilization

The White House assistant leaned back in his chair and looked out at the brilliant November sunset. For some months he had been wrestling with a mobilization program that was not an all-out effort but might have to become one at any moment.

"Mr. Symington calls it the 'gray' mobilization," he said. "It's gray in more ways than one. It leaves a gray taste in your mouth. No one feels any wiser because of the Second World War experience—just wearier."

Ever since Congress went home in September, mobilization has been the main preoccupation in Washington. In closed committee meetings, officials labor to put the massive Defense Production Act into operation. In open session, they meet the impatient, inquisitive public: Draft Director Hershey tells a conference of college presidents that if he is to build an Army of three million, not many men under twenty-six will slip through his hands; Stuart Symington, Chairman of the National Security Resources Board, tries to explain to the mayors of the nation that, just because they have been suddenly aroused, civil defense isn't a thing that can be perfected overnight.

Symington has clearly won for himself the job of mobilization chief. He sits like an organist before the great bureaucratic console—with its dozen-odd government agencies directly involved in the preparedness effort. It is up to him to bring out the crescendos of increased production, the mutes of consumer restrictions.

The job—so far less a czar's than a persuader's—is a double one: to see that the Department of Defense gets what it needs, and to keep the economy from going haywire in the process. Most of the administrative organization has been set up and is in at least partial operation. In accordance with the President's desire, all the new mobilization machinery except the Economic Stabilization Administration fits into one or another of the existing agencies:

Commerce: the National Production Administration, headed by William Henry Harrison, to operate the bulk of production and distribution controls.

Interior: the new agencies for Petroleum, Solid Fuels, Power, and Minerals.

Agriculture: the outfits handling farm equipment and fertilizer.

Interstate Commerce: the Defense Transport Administration.

Eleven different agencies: authority to guarantee private loans and buy up raw materials.

Federal Reserve Board: credit controls.

The Economic Stabilization Administrator (now setting up shop):

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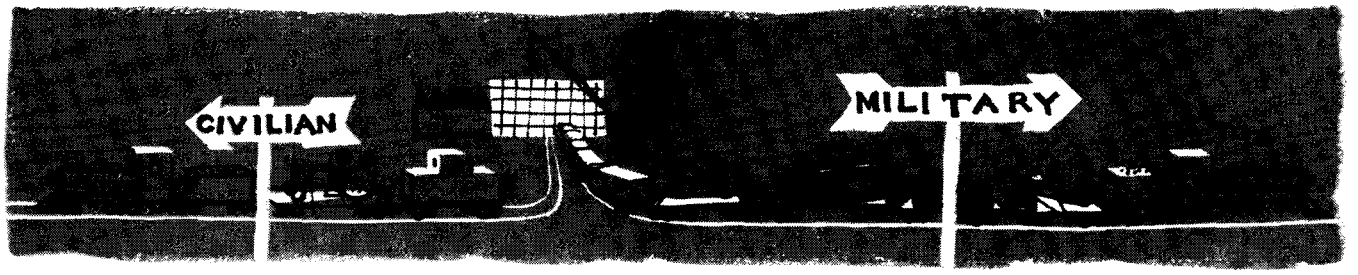

price and wage controls when and if the Administration decides they are necessary.

Symington's guiding principle is: "Produce and produce and produce." With disarming frankness he sketches the alternative. At an N.A.M. meeting, a manufacturer asks what incentive he has to produce more if he can't keep the profits. "The answer," Symington says, "is that his incentive would be keeping his neck from being wrung." Symington frequently resorts to the veiled reference. When he blasts "leaders of a great corporation which produces a basic material [who] after deciding that expansion would be wrong . . . increased its profits over 750 per cent between 1945 and 1950," the directors of U.S. Steel know whom he means. When he praises "the young head of a great automobile company" who decided not to raise prices, Henry Ford II can step forward.

Symington decided on his course of persuasion in July and August, when government economists predicted that the military could get what it needed without cutting too deeply into civilian consumption. That, they said, was because the economy was going at full production, and military demands would be no more than a tiny fraction of the total.

In the intervening months, it has become obvious that the pinch will be pretty hard after all. Harrison has just announced that civilian aluminum consumption will be cut by thirty-five per cent in 1951. New housing is to be reduced by at least a third. And, undoubtedly, so on down the line.

Already the agencies that have a hand in allocating scarce materials are getting into jurisdictional tangles. Commerce wants minerals that Interior controls. The Defense Transport Administration needs steel for freight cars; Commerce controls steel. Now there is talk of a new committee, representing all the agencies, to iron out these disputes—a sure first step toward a real omnipotent production "czar."

A large part of the confusion stems from the fact that nobody yet knows what the Defense Department wants. A laconic Munitions Board official says this depends on "Congress, the high command, the Asian fighting, and on Joseph Stalin." "I suppose that means we can't have an estimate till the Russians reach the outskirts of Washington," a Commerce official snaps.

The Munitions Board, for all its reputation as the translator of military needs into material requirements, has not come up with very much so far. A while ago it produced a list of requirements based on the supplemental appropriations passed by Congress in September. That list will be out of date when Congress considers further appropriations.

The $10 billion figure that President Truman sent up to Capitol Hill in July was clearly pulled from the hat. (It had been $5 billion a day or so before.) The first real estimate came on September 1, when Mr. Truman called for an army of three million men. It looked as if a tentative estimate of material requirements would not be delayed for long.

But instead of precise estimates, cloudy rumors were wafted across the Potomac River from the Pentagon: $30 billion for fiscal 1952 or $45 billion, $70 billion, all in a matter of days. Alarmed Treasury officials asked the President to see whether these estimates, if they actually were official, couldn't be pared down.

So the President requested Defense Secretary Marshall to set up a group in his own office to go over requirements. On November 5, Marshall told newspapermen that a blueprint for a steadily increasing four-year program of military production was half completed. He said it would be scheduled with an eye to taking up any slack caused by curtailment of civilian-goods production.

Presumably this was intended to comfort businessmen who are already lamenting restrictions. Some of their complaints have made little sense. Take the argument of George M. Clark, president of the Consumer Bankers' Association, who announced that consumer credit was necessary to maintain in America "the highest standard of living anywhere in the world." Instead of restricting credit, Clark proposed that the government adopt a "realistic" tax basis—on the assumption that people would rather be taxed more than told they can't borrow as much.

No matter how low Marshall keeps his military estimates and how gradual the period of buildup, increased controls seem inevitable. Charles Sawyer, Secretary of Commerce, likens them to a row of dominoes—if you knock one down, you knock a lot of others down. When one government agency connives to get round another, controls are often the result. There was much talk of voluntary agreements for allocating supplies and products, until legal experts said this would run afoul of antitrust and fair-trade laws. Industry groups now work out their own programs, and Harrison of NPA solemnly "orders" that they be adopted.

An irascible, moody Congress weighs a great deal on the minds of mobilization planners. After the initial success in Korea there was near panic lest the legislators decide to ditch the whole program. Red China's behavior has now made this unlikely.

Lately, however, the curious operation of the budget has brought up a different sort of problem. Increased military spending takes a while to show up on the books, and with the immediate income from new taxes and the decrease in nonmilitary government spending, the Treasury may wind up

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the year with a healthy surplus instead of a deficit. This, strangely enough, is a source of dejection to the planners. As one of them says, "Can't you see us trying to prove to the new Congress that we need even more taxes when we've got a damned surplus on our hands?" —DOUGLASS CATER

Inflation As Usual?

In a recent television debate, Leon Keyserling, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, argued that all-out economic controls are appropriate to an all-out war effort, that we are not engaged in any such effort, and that, therefore, there is no point now in all-out controls.

A glance at some Second World War statistics provides an instructive comment on this opinion. It comes as a distinct surprise, for example, to learn that the price index of twenty-eight basic commodities, after a violent but temporary spurt in September, 1939, began a relentless climb in August, 1940, and rose by twenty-five per cent in about eight months. This time it has taken less than three months—June 24 to September 16—for a similar rise.

In the face of the 1940-1941 price increases, President Roosevelt asked Congress for far-reaching price control and called the situation "frighteningly similar" to First World War experience. The current price upswing has resulted so far in a barrage of arguments and explanations of why price and wage controls are not now in order. This in spite of the fact that our "gray mobilization" appears to be producing effects much like those that full mobilization had on the 1941 economy. When deciding on the degree and type of controls, there is much to be said for looking at the state of the economy rather than at the state of mobilization. Instead, everybody is trotting out his pet clichés.

There is, for instance, the fellow who tells us that if a man is running a fever you don't accomplish anything by putting ice packs on his forehead. Just so with inflation, he says: Price control and the like are only ice packs. If this particular debater were less enthralled by his metaphor, he might remember that while looking for the source of the disease a physician does his best to bring down his patient's temperature.

Another argument against direct controls, but from the opposite premise, is that they are too deep. "How do we know where we are heading?" the exponent of this theory asks. "Could a track man finish the mile if he ran the first 100 yards in ten seconds?" The answer is obvious, but that does not mean the question is pertinent. The facts are that we don't know which event we are scheduled for, and that in any case we won't finish if we are out of breath at the start.

Finally, we have the argument that direct controls are "regimentation." To the supporter of this line, copper at eighteen cents a pound is as sacred as copper at thirty-five cents, and shame on anybody who tampers with the free market. A warning finger is raised in remembrance of the failings of OPA. A variant of this argument is that in a democracy a law is effective only when the citizens realize how necessary and equitable it is. Therefore, controls make no sense unless everyone is willing to follow them, in which case you might as well stick to voluntary actions. Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, a former champion of voluntary measures, recently announced his conversion. This, one assumes, lowers the curtain on any experiments with voluntary wage and price stabilization.

What is our arsenal of measures short of direct controls and how effective are they likely to be? Heavier taxation, increased production, tighter credit, larger savings—those are the major headings. First, there is not the slightest chance of Congress passing a tax bill which will absorb even a sizable portion of the excess purchasing power that will soon replace the dollar gap as our main economic headache. This is almost axiomatic, since, to be effective economically, a tax bill is bound to be socially inequitable and politically undesirable. Secondly, increases in production, with practically full employment, will be much harder to achieve than last time.

This is particularly true because precisely those industries which have been largely responsible for recent spurts in production—i.e., durable consumer goods—are the ones that will be most severely affected by a switch to military production. In addition, specific—and severe—shortages of basic raw materials are likely to slow up production.

Credit restrictions have received more publicity than other economic issues in recent weeks. They have taken place on two different levels: consumer credit and general bank credit. The first is bound to have an immediate anti-inflationary effect, since it is directed at some of the major boom industries. Whether its effects will be long-lasting is another question. Postponement of a planned purchase for three or four months will in most cases be sufficient to accumulate the necessary down payment, except in the case of houses. Failure to purchase a television set or an automobile will help fight inflation only if the money in question is not spent elsewhere.

The second general type of credit restriction has had only a modest beginning in a rise of one-quarter of one per cent in the interest rate on bank loans. We are told that this step will in all likelihood be supplemented by some

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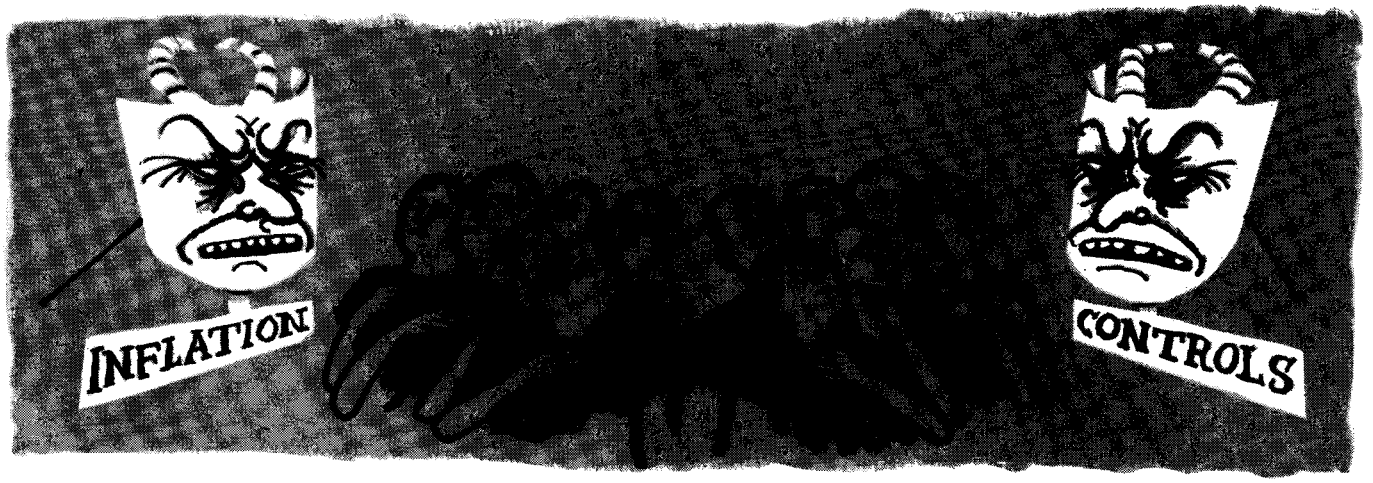

action that will raise the reserve requirements of the members of the Federal Reserve System. As long as the commercial banks are holding vast amounts of government securities that they can sell to the Federal Reserve Banks in order to add to their reserves, it is difficult to see that raising the reserve requirements within the limits now provided can be very effective. As long as the banks have profitable investment possibilities outside government securities, the forgoing of interest payments on these government securities is unlikely to be a major deterrent to credit expansion.

As for the success of future Treasury savings-bond campaigns, this will depend largely on the strength of the appeal, and that, of course, is hampered by the very "grayness" of our mobilization.

Thus each of the possible anti-inflationary weapons is beset by difficulties. Applied together, they will undoubtedly have some effect, but if past experience is any guide, not enough to prevent a measure of inflation. It has been said that price and wage controls are inappropriate because one cannot live with direct controls while maintaining a free-enterprise system. To this there is only one answer: Free enterprise can live longer with controls than it can with incessant inflation. Nobody is foolish enough to assert that price controls are a cure, or that they permit us to devote part of our output to military purposes without leaving us with less to consume. In fact the insistence that military preparedness is incompatible with maintaining standards of living is basic to, and nonetheless frequently absent from, any discussion of economic controls. Basically price controls accomplish two things: They spread the drop in the standard of living with some degree of equity, and they keep the cost of government outlays for defense from pyramiding. On the first score they are a social, on the second an economic control measure. They leave untouched the problem of absorbing excess purchasing power, which has to be done either as we go along, through taxation, or spread out over a period of years, through savings.

Even after the first speculative wave died down, a couple of months ago, prices did not recede, as they did in 1940, but merely stopped rising. When they begin to rise once again it will no longer be on the basis of speculative and stocking-up operations, but under the impact of enlarged incomes and expenditures. The mere fact that a control Act is on the statute books is a potent incentive for manufacturers to raise prices and workers to request wage increases and beat the deadline. Thus, power to act minus action is worse than lack of such power. It is to be hoped that Mr. Truman will ask Congress either to take the bugs out of the price and wage control provisions of the DPA and to extend it beyond the end of the fiscal year, or to terminate it. If he gets a workable law, it should be applied before the second wave of rises begins. —HANS H. LANDSBERG

Trimming the Army's Fat

Every American soldier in Korea actually at grips with the enemy has five soldiers behind him to care for his basic needs. To express this relationship, the Army has hit upon the somewhat awkward term "division slice," meaning a combat division plus the noncombat troops employed to keep it in action.

As a result of Second World War experience, confirmed by the action in Korea, this "division slice" totals 60,000 men. That is to say, each 18,000-man infantry division in combat represents the services of 60,000 men throughout the Army. Since nearly half of the division's own strength consists of command, staff, and service elements, it actually brings to bear against an enemy the weapons of only 10,000 of its 18,000 men.

Reprehensible as any waste of matériel most certainly is, the waste of manpower is worse. Particularly is this true when one estimates the combat manpower of the putative enemy.

Allowing for wide differences in civilian standards of living and culture, which reflect themselves in armies, the gap between Russian efficiency in use of its manpower and that of the United States is too wide to be tolerated. The real difference in combat strength between Soviet and American Armies lies not so much in total numbers as in the use made of the manpower available. Therefore, the statement

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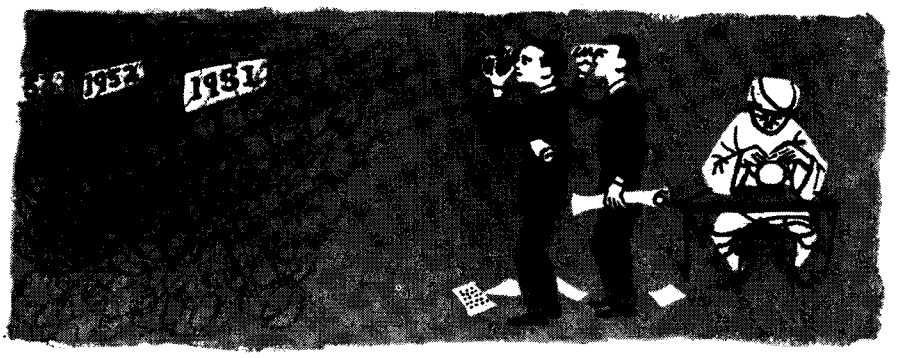
that the Russian "division slice" is only about 20,000 men for a 10,000-man division would seem a devastating indictment of American waste. Out of these 20,000 men, 11,000 to 13,000 are potential fighters, trained and armed for the battlefield.

The Russian Army is designed to remain fixed to the land, not only fighting there but sustaining itself as well. The U.S. Army is at the end of long seaborne lines of communication, dis-



tant from its home bases and frequently in devastated territory.

The Russians live largely off the country, driving their meat along with them on the hoof, living simply and frugally as they did of necessity at home. The U.S. Army transports its food overseas, packaged in carefully balanced rations. In addition, it often helps feed the civilian population, which the Russians invariably strip and leave to shift for itself.

The Russian Army maintains personnel records on nobody below the grade of major, limits the mail received and dispatched by its men, and leaves its casualty reports to chance. The United States Army keeps a detailed file on every private, encourages mail, and reports casualties through an intricate organization.

The Russian Army furnishes no "morale services" to its soldiers, offering them no such luxuries as laundries and showers (the Russian soldier must even mend his own shoes), and limiting recreation to occasional supervised looting and rapine. The U.S. Army maintains laundries and showers even in divisions, and moves shows, libraries, and rest centers along with the troops.

This is not to say that the U.S. Army should adopt Russian standards. But the time may come when sheer necessity will force the Army to strip itself to essentials. Such a time cannot now be foreseen except with the national economy near collapse and the last available man in uniform. That eventuality must be avoided, and it can be avoided only by taking in advance steps it would force upon us should it come to pass.

The Army's ideal appears to be something like the *Looking Glass* White Knight's horse, encumbered with oddities the warrior might just possibly need some day. It has translated the concept that mobility is measured by the number of wheels an army can put under itself into a ratio of one vehicle of all types to every 4.4 men in the infantry division. Not only will multiplying an army's wheels ultimately so burden its roads and its service facilities that mobility ends, but the real measure of mobility is not in numbers of wheels but in their useful burdens.

All the burdens that the fighting man carries along in his division trains or on his back are multiplied in the logistical tail behind him. And he suffers directly and sorely as this tail takes on fat and weight. Every machine brought along to make ice cream for the men at the rear displaces ammunition for the guns or fuel for the tanks of those at the front.

During the five years since the Second World War ended, all military services in this country were hard hit by "economies" which did not economize but merely reduced their combat effectiveness. The Army, for instance, became almost wholly a logistical tail, supporting occupation forces on opposite sides of the world and maintaining only fragments of ten partially trained infantry divisions.

The humiliation and terrible anxiety of the first eighty-four days in Korea convinced the American public that an Army on paper cannot fight. And Congress, having shied fearfully away from universal military training, now appears ready to write it into law.

President Truman has set the prospective size of the United States military establishment at three million men, and General Hershey has said it can be maintained by a draft of young men at eighteen and a half years for thirty months. This figure of thirty months—six devoted to training and twenty-four to duty with the Army—was reached on the sound basis that the United States must now maintain a ready Army as well as a prospective Army. In that case, the fact cannot be avoided that the individual's military obligation has shifted from one of training to one of service.

Should General Hershey's suggestion be adopted, the fallacy of attempting to maintain a reserve force ready for instant action by voluntary recruiting would be ended. From active service the inductee would go to a National Guard or Reserve unit, where his training would continue to be available until his replacement by a younger man.

Army training itself is undergoing revision. General Mark W. Clark, Army Field Forces commander, has established the policy that every soldier must be trained as an infantryman and be given a taste of something approximating battle before assignment to a tactical unit.

As during the Second World War, the infantry soldier of the United States is being trained to fight in the open, to move lightly and quickly, to take advantage of the ground, and to conduct "guerrilla warfare," in so far as that term applies to tactics. But he is still burdened with a load of equipment almost beyond his ability to move. It seems the height of folly to teach a man that his salvation lies in emulating the naked Indian and then placing a mule's load on his back. When the soldier solves the problem by dumping much of his load along the way, the seven tons of shipping required to get him ashore and the one ton monthly to keep him in action would seem subject to some revision.

—MARSHALL ANDREWS

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The Best-Kept Atomic Secret

The peacetime use of atomic energy is one of those difficult technical problems which may be clarified for the lay reader by the expression of various viewpoints. The Reporter *is extremely interested in the subject and is going to publish several articles on it. The next is by an atomic scientist who takes a view different from the present author's.*

Cornerstone layings on New York's Fifth Avenue often make headlines, but last year a cornerstone laying made what its press agents chose to call "history." It was, we were told, the first time atomic energy had been put to doing useful work, and as the huge granite block was hoisted and then lowered into place, cameras faithfully recorded the historic moment for posterity. There was just one thing about this event that press agents neglected to mention: Atomic energy did not even budge the cornerstone; it merely set off an impulse that set off a switch that started an old-fashioned electric motor that did the job.

Farcical as that cornerstone laying was, it is the biggest piece of work performed to date by atomic power. Furthermore, the atom's future as a peacetime power source grows dimmer every day. Arthur H. Compton, the noted nuclear scientist, estimates that it will be twenty-five or fifty years before atomic power will be able to compete with electric power. Many engineers who have been at work on the problem, among them Bruce R. Prentice of General Electric, add one phrase to any such guess: "If ever."

Five years ago atomic power was supposed to be just five years away. Why hasn't it lived up to the promises made on its behalf? Followers of the Communist line have their answer: Because we are in the grip of warmongers, they say, the atom is used only for bombs, whereas in the peace-loving Soviet Union atomic power is used to move mountains and divert rivers. How pallid our cornerstone ceremony beside such blatant phoniness!

Though international tension must answer for many things, it cannot fairly be blamed for the delayed advent of peacetime atomic power. A careful look at the record reveals that the biggest and best-kept atomic secret is how to harness the atom's energy at a feasible cost—in terms of money, of fuel consumption, and of dangerous radioactive by-products.

First, look at the cost in money: $500 million is the sum proposed for experimental work on atomic power. That sum, invested in conventional plants, could buy two or three million kilowatts of electric-power capacity. Yet the hundred millions of dollars spent thus far and those still to be spent are not likely to increase our permanent national power capacity by so much as one watt. For this money, chances are we shall obtain the model for an atomic-powered submarine—one that could cruise indefinitely without refueling. As weapons-development costs go, this may not be excessive, but only in the Soviet Union could powering a submarine be considered a peacetime application of atomic energy.

The submarine's power plant will cost, according to L. R. Hafstad, who directs power research for the Atomic Energy Commission, about fourteen thousand dollars per kilowatt of electric-power capacity. That's 7,000 per cent more than today's average of two hundred dollars per kilowatt for coal-fired steam plants.

Figures like these make the hard-headed businessman run for the nearest exit when offered a chance to get in on the ground floor of a great new industry. Such figures make ludicrous an apology for atomic power now current: that our good old-fashioned system of risk and profit hasn't had a chance at the atom and therefore no progress has been made. Where is the businessman—at large, that is—anxious to venture capital in a power

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source that has not yet even been proved workable, let alone competitive, with any other method of power production, and which would cost some 7,000 per cent more than conventional power plants?

Thousands of America's sharpest engineers and industrial managers have been in on the atomic projects, but rarely is one of them found clamoring to go to work on the atom for his own possible profit. Take, for instance, P. C. Keith, who supervised the design of the gigantic diffusion plant at Oak Ridge. When the war ended Keith wanted to get back into business for himself. There was money to be made from atomic-research contracts, but he turned his back on it. The company he started, Hydrocarbon Research, Inc., is largely staffed with his former colleagues on the bomb project who, like himself, had first chance at the atom and decided that the most rewarding work lay in devising better ways of using coal, oil, and natural gas.

Contributing to the gathering gloom about atomic power's nonmilitary prospects is the fact that rich deposits of uranium are scarce. Moreover, uranium is not often so obligingly concentrated in continuing veins as is coal; instead, it tends to be widely and thinly scattered in "lenses" through the earth's crust, which makes the mining of it a tremendous task. In addition, 99.3 per cent of uranium is composed of stable U-238; just 0.7 per cent is fissionable U-235—the only naturally occurring atomic fuel and the foundation of all our atomic developments. The world has in reserve something like fifteen times more petroleum and fifteen thousand times more coal than natural atomic fuel.

At this point in any discussion of atomic power, there comes an interruption from dedicated readers of popularized scientific literature. "What," they demand, "about 'breeding'?" Their question refers to a process which could make it possible to utilize all the uranium put into an atomic furnace rather than just a fraction of it. Our first experimental breeder is now being built. It may tell us whether we can actually produce more atomic fuel than we burn up—or it may only tell us one good way not to build a breeder. Long before breeding becomes a workable proposition, we must expect (whenever AEC appropriation time rolls around) stories like that about the cornerstone laying, which will prematurely announce success.

If time and money enough are expended, breeding may eventually be made to work. All of the world's uranium, and thorium as well, might then be counted as potential atomic fuel, and reserves would be greater than those of petroleum. But at best breeding will add to our capital of atomic fuel about as slowly as compound interest adds to a small initial investment. Right now our small initial capital—U-235, the one natural atomic fuel—is being frozen into bomb material at a rate that will exhaust it within thirty years.

'. . . in the peace-loving Soviet Union atomic power is used to move mountains and divert rivers'

To appreciate the other obstacles in the way of using the atom's energy for peacetime power, a few facts need to be recalled. Since our entire atomic enterprise rests on U-235, the first question is: How can use be made of that fissionable isotope, surrounded as it is by 99.3 per cent of U-238? One answer is in Tennessee and another in the State of Washington.

At Oak Ridge the isotopes are separated in the gaseous diffusion plant, and concentrated U-235 may then be used directly for bomb material. There can be no wishful thinking about this separation process as a new power source, but neither does it offer any serious hazards in the way of dangerous radioactive wastes.

At Hanford the process depends on U-235 as a trigger, not an end product. Slugs of uranium are placed inside a pile (or reactor or furnace) and the U-235 in the slug sets off a chain reac-

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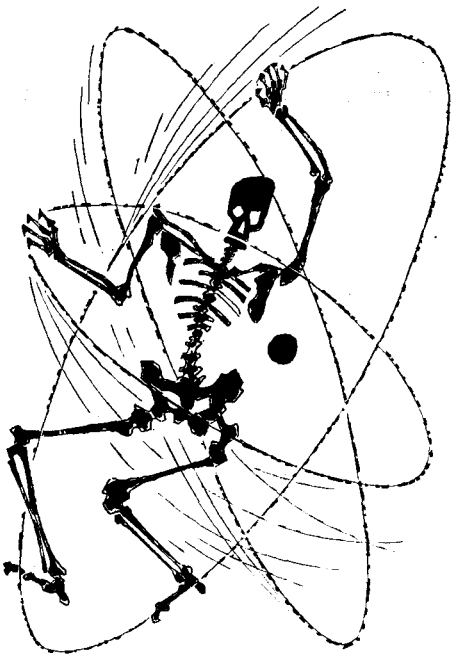
tion—as it does in a bomb explosion, but here the reaction is carefully controlled. While part of the U-235 breaks down into some forty radioactive waste products, a lesser part of U-238 is transmuted into a new element, plutonium, which makes an even deadlier bomb than does U-235. In this process a great deal of heat is released.

Hanford's three original piles were said to release the energy equivalent of one million kilowatts, thus inspiring those tall tales of 1945 that atomic power would soon be doing all our work. Actually, this heat is released at such low temperatures that it is useless as a power source. If we stepped up a Hanford reactor to work at higher temperature and installed all the heat-exchange equipment there was room for, we could get out some power, but the pile would be destroyed by operating at such a temperature.

To design a pile so that its heat can be put to work is baffling. To design a pile which would produce useful power and would at the same time breed more fuel than it burned is most baffling. Yet only a reactor-breeder could possibly be practical. General Electric was scheduled to attempt this superlative in pile design, but its cost estimate was too high for even the AEC's big research budget. Attempting the ultimate (a combined power and breeder reactor) will probably be deferred until the intermediate—a "simple" submarine reactor which need not conform to either economy of costs or of fuel—has been made to work.

Then there is the problem of finding materials that can withstand both radioactivity and high temperatures. This difficulty may not hold up the atomic submarine. If a few years' exposure to radiation at high temperatures poisons that reactor, no angry stockholders will make trouble. It would scarcely be practical, however, to build an expensive atomic plant if the core of it had to be carted off to a radioactive boneyard every few years.

So much for getting ready to begin atomic power production. Impressive as the problems of fuel supply, reactor design, and materials are, some people contend that all those problems could be overcome were we to work as hard to beat them as we did to make the bomb. There may be truth to their contention, provided that, as in the



case of the bomb, costs were of no concern. But these people carry their argument a step too far if they go on to claim that however high initial costs might be, negligible operating costs would offset them.

Anyone has a right to make cost guesses on future developments and to build dream power plants out of "ifs" and "whens." But the right to maunder is exceeded when the costs—and the risks—of operating an atomic power plant are ignored.

To keep a big reactor going, two operating jobs would have to be done just as regularly as coal is fed into an ordinary furnace or ashes taken out. The first of these two day-in, day-out chores is the most complex and dangerous feat of chemical processing ever performed. Only highly skilled workers can be entrusted with it. The processing plant must be a massive concrete structure and all process steps controlled from behind the shielding concrete. Yet the guesses thus far hazarded on the cost per kilowatt of atomic power have not sufficiently taken into account the operating expense of this processing, and the only specific proposal for making the atom profitable to industry—one offered by C. A. Thomas of the Monsanto Chemical Company—has taken it for granted that the government would continue doing this processing as well as disposing of wastes and providing fuels.

After just a fraction of the fissionable material in a slug of fuel is burned in the atomic furnace, the slug has to be taken out and stored for sixty days until some of its radioactivity is dissipated. Then that carefully machined slug is entirely dissolved and the fuel painstakingly recovered as a salt, leaving a tank full of deadly radioactive wastes in solution. The salt must be sent to an adjacent plant where it is refabricated into metal, machined back into a slug of exact size and shape, and eventually returned to the furnace's fuel supply.

Separate processing, but just as complicated, would be required in order to collect that compound interest—fissionable plutonium—a little of which (it is hoped) would have accumulated on a breeding "blanket" of uranium in the atomic furnace. Such complex and dangerous fuel handling makes the simple shoveling of grimy coal sound delightful by comparison.

Now what about the second furnace-tending chore? When the fuel slug was dissolved, remember, a tank full of radioactive waste was left sitting around. These deadly wastes are the "ashes" of an atomic furnace. What can be done with them? Some can safely be let loose as gases or liquids within a few days after their formation. Most of them are dangerous for months, some for a thousand years.

At Hanford, some of these wastes were originally run off into deep dry wells, but it was found that they were contaminating ground water which was slowly pushing toward the Columbia River. At present the long-lived Hanford wastes are stored in vast underground tanks awaiting some bright idea on what to do with them. Eventually the wastes can be condensed and perhaps boxed in concrete, thus diminishing their extent if not their deadliness.

The wastes turned out in a month at Hanford, if spread over 144 square miles, could kill anyone who did not soon leave the contaminated area. This calculation can readily be made on the basis of a carefully documented article published in Austria in 1948 and recently—rather daringly—written up in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* in our own country. (Our elaborate atomic secrecy discourages any American who worked on the

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'The best-kept atomic secret'

atomic project from publishing such an article, despite the fact that the information would certainly seem of vital concern to the American people.) From this calculation it follows that if Hanford's accumulated wastes were let loose, say by a bombing attack, they could make several thousand square miles uninhabitable.

If just a small fraction of our national power came from atomic energy, the waste problem would be of terrifying proportions. After a few years of operating, a hundred-thousand-kilowatt atomic plant would have to provide storage for wastes equivalent in intensity to thirty *tons* of radium. The total radium in the U. S. is under two pounds. Within the memory of most of us is an incident when radium was lost or stolen from a doctor's office. Remember the warnings regularly printed and broadcast that such medical doses of radium kept near a person could cause serious burns and even death? Yet medical doses are measured in milligrams—450,000 to the pound, 900 million to the ton.

Anyone who wants his home town to convert to atomic power may now step forward.

It has been seriously proposed that the only safe way to dispose of radioactive wastes in the quantities already accumulated is to shoot them to the moon. Thus we have one of the zaniest arguments yet put forward for pushing our atomic-power efforts: that we need atomic rockets to carry away the wastes of atomic-power production.

A close second for peculiar arguments on why we should continue to spend hundreds of millions for atomic-power research is this now-current one: We must exert every effort to develop atomic power for peaceful purposes because it would be disastrous to our prestige if the Russians beat us to it. No matter who might first develop it, the production of atomic power would be expensive and dangerous. The only possible disaster to us might lie in what Russia, a country that has repealed the laws of genetics, did with its radioactive wastes.

If we are suddenly to be guided by "face," and if our prestige demands that we develop revolutionary sources of power, then we might better look to the sun—a source of energy fifty thousand times as great as our present world energy needs. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has an endowment for solar-energy research. This Cabot grant amounts to $647,700, something less than 0.0002 per cent of our atomic investment, and yet it has already yielded results—among them some solar-heated houses.

As the prospects for atomic power fade, those who are determined at all costs to find a "brighter side of the atom" are falling back on isotopes. In time-honored Pollyanna tradition, these people are wont to say that we must take the bad along with the good. The atomic bomb, they announce, is offset by the bomb's by-products—isotopes used for medical, agricultural, and industrial research.

Pollyannaism won't work here. Unquestionably isotopes are of great value, and their value will mount with the years. But useful isotopes are *not* by-products of bomb production, though even headlines in the careful New York *Times* would often have it so. Isotopes were in use years before the first pile was ever built. Early cyclotron-produced isotopes were expensive and rare; nowadays those produced in a pile are cheap and plentiful. Yet all the radioisotopes distributed by the AEC at home and abroad are produced at one low-energy atomic pile run by the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. The twelve-million-dollar Oak Ridge reactor is in no way dependent upon either of the bomb-material factories—its neighbor, the $545-million Oak Ridge diffusion works, or the $350-million Hanford reactors. Both big plants could shut down entirely without affecting the ability of the small reactor to turn out useful isotopes at costs that are an infinitesimal part of the AEC's budget.

The big plants are estimated to turn out material enough for around seventy-five bombs a year. The little plant might be able to make one bomb in fifteen years.

The big plants produce material—and wastes—by the ton. The little plant has filled over twelve thousand isotope orders, but the net weight of those twelve thousand orders was less than two ounces! It is chilling to realize that even these mere ounces of radioactive materials required many tons of lead shielding for their safe shipment.

It requires great ingenuousness or greater ingenuity to equate costs and dangers of big-scale atomic production with small-scale production and its useful isotopes. Despite an obvious difference between safe and dangerous—or isotope and bomb—production, AEC spokesmen have continually assured us that "The peaceful and military aspects of the development of atomic energy are not possible of effective separation. . . ." Or, "The business of making weapons and the peaceful processes of atomic energy branch apart only near the end of the road."

Statements such as these can be found in all too many AEC releases.

'Figures like these make the businessman run for the nearest exit . . .'

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Such statements would be true only if we had functioning atomic-power plants—but we haven't. A plant big enough to produce useful power would also be big enough to make bombs in quantity. Today, however, weapons making and the peaceful processes of atomic energy are not a single road that branches at its end; they are separate roads that do not even cross one another.

One explanation for this kind of bamboozlement by our atomic officials (whose good intentions and devotion to duty are beyond question) is that they considered it vital to keep funds flowing to their project. They have succeeded—with the result that we now have a sizable stockpile of atomic bombs. Leaving aside the oft-raised moral, military, political and biological questions about the atomic bomb as a weapon, the AEC has done a good job of turning out bomb material.

Whatever its intentions, bamboozlement is out of character in a democracy. Most Americans can probably stand to face the harsh fact that the present and near future of atomic power are purely military. Curiously enough, that very fact offers a gleam of hope. For, as Cuthbert Daniel and Arthur M. Squires have pointed out, in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and *The Christian Century,* the very clear differences between safe and dangerous, low-energy and high-energy reactors, peacetime and military atomic installations, point toward an easily inspected and realistic international control plan.

We shall be ill prepared for the day when international control of atomic energy is seriously discussed among nations if we continue to accept spoon-fed half-truths which nourish false hopes about the atom.

There are, of course, technological secrets about our weapons. As ever we will strive to keep, and our enemies to steal, those secrets. On the other hand, atomic secrecy which results in non-technical facts being relegated to the limbo of hush-hush is quite another matter. That kind of atomic secrecy merely encourages us to dodge our democratic responsibilities. Today the only real remaining atomic secrets—aside from those that nature holds—are those we keep from ourselves.

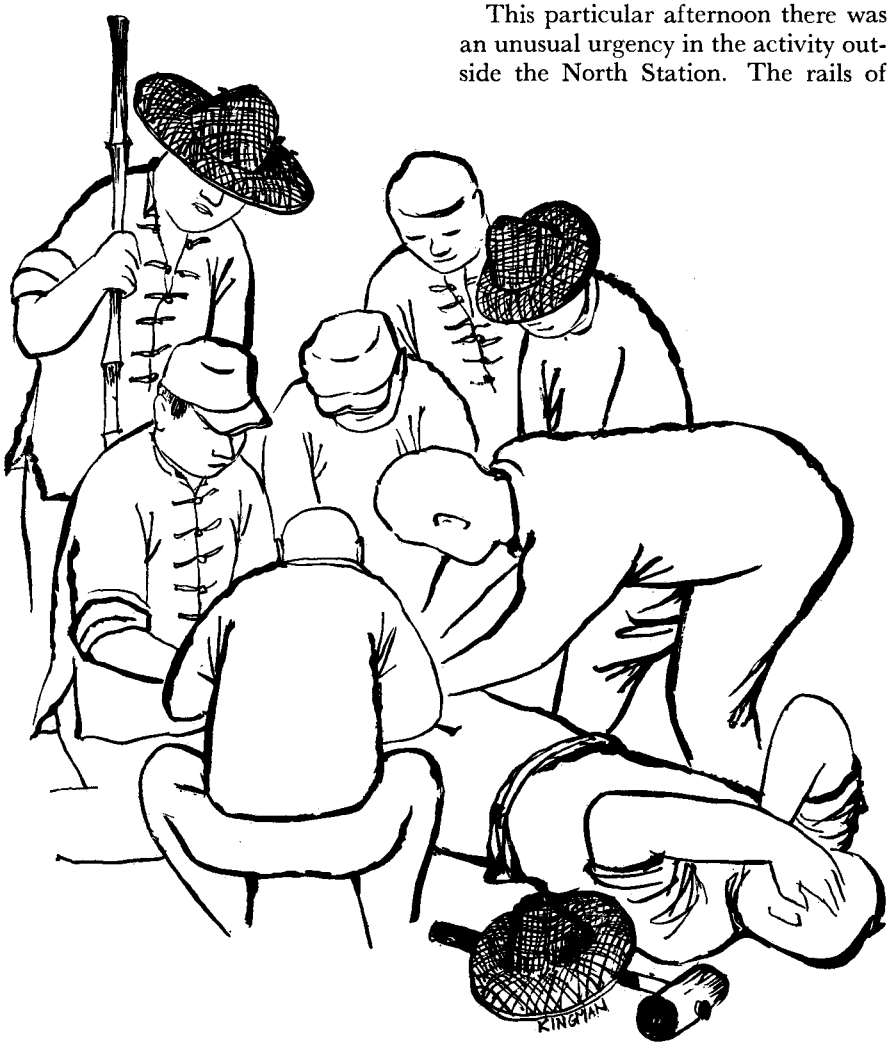
—Claire Holcomb

The Death Of Young Huang

Twelve years ago an accident happened to a trackworker on the Canton-Hankow Railway. It was a very unimportant accident. The victim was one Huang—that is all I remember of his name. He was probably a good trackman, for he was an energetic, good-humored, and superbly strong young man. He was nineteen and unmarried, the pride of his family, which he helped support on a salary of twenty-five American dollars a year. His family were not of the very poor, but they worked with their hands. That is to say, they were members of the general public, the "old hundred names" of China—a representative drop in Asia's bucket of humanity.

The accident occurred on the main line of the railway just north of Changsha. It can be said to have been a patriotic accident, for this was a time when the Canton-Hankow Railway was the lifeline supplying the entire front against the Japanese.

This particular afternoon there was an unusual urgency in the activity outside the North Station. The rails of



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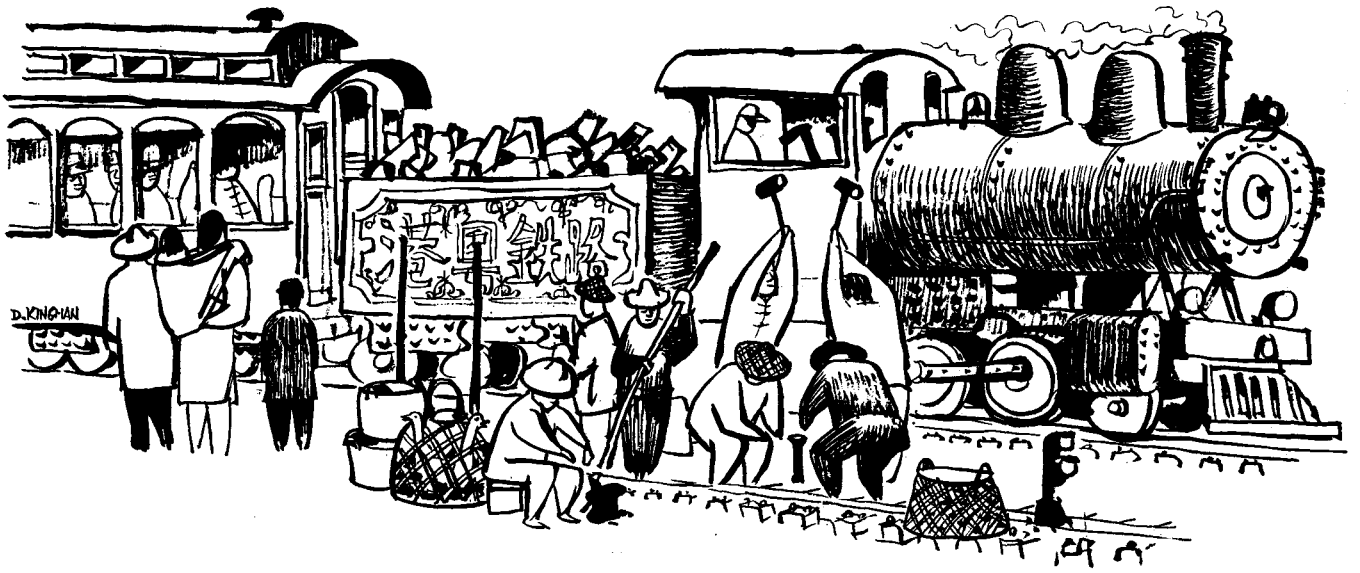

the main-line track to the north had been spread by a heavy freight train the day before. In the "slot" between Changsha North and Changsha Central Stations lay the Hankow Express due the day before. Just south of Changsha Central a military train laden with supplies puffed impatiently. Somewhere behind lay the Hankow Express for that day. All three waited upon Huang and his fellow workers, sweating over the rails in the long, slow curve north of the city. But this was not all. At the North Station the freight people, unmindful of anything but their own problems, were busy assembling empties; a small yard engine chuffed out on the main line from the sidings every few minutes.

The trackmen—it was not their concern—accepted this interference good-naturedly. Indeed, it seemed to increase rather than diminish their enthusiasm. They would jump back at the last possible moment when a string of cars came creaking up the line, then with a great shout leap to the rails the instant the cars had passed.

The day was very hot, a burning, sultry day that turns the earth and sky of south central China into a searing furnace. This may have been responsible—this and youthful eagerness. At any rate young Huang slipped just as he started to leap clear of a string of boxcars.

A great deal of shouting followed, then a great deal of talking. In time they carried him to the Hsiang Ya Hospital, whose huge red-brick buildings dominate the northern limits of Changsha. He was alive, even conscious. But his left leg was crushed, not just in one place but in several, with bits of bone protruding from the torn flesh.

A Chinese doctor went to work at once. He stopped the bleeding and put together what there was to put together, in the manner of assembling a puzzle from which a number of pieces are missing. Then he waited. He knew that no surgeon on earth could save that mangled leg; arteries couldn't be stretched and sewn, extra bone put in place, ligaments reunited, a crushed knee rebuilt. He knew he had to amputate to save Huang's life. But still he waited.

That evening Huang's family, including a cousin and a great-uncle, arrived at the hospital. Their arrival, it should be noted, was four hours after the accident. As I determined later, they were delayed for two reasons. First the family had to be assembled; then there was a discussion as to how the hospital, which was a tremendous and awesome thing, should be approached. It was decided that their good clothes, reserved for funerals and festival days, might give the wrong impression; the hospital might ask a fee. When they arrived, they were washed and brushed but not in their best, very decent in appearance but clearly what they were, a poor family that worked with its hands.

The doctor came to see them. Everyone was very polite. The family did not at first discuss their son. They did not even mention him, though several of the women had tears in their eyes. They talked of rising prices, of the hardships of life. Or rather they made statements—irrelevant statements that had no apparent significance. The old uncle made most of them. He also laughed a good deal, apologetically, as if those hardships, though a joke, were an old joke that people knew. One might have thought they were all meeting by accident in a social way.

It was the doctor who raised the question of young Huang. And young Huang was a question, not a subject or even a case. He was a question of life or death. It was not the bleeding, said the doctor. Yes, he had bled a great deal, but he was very young and very strong. He could be saved. The problem was the leg itself.

He seemed to approach "the problem of the leg itself" rather reluctantly, even diffidently. But once he was upon it he became strangely energetic. The leg, he said earnestly, must come off. It would be necessary to amputate midway up the thigh. There was no circulation of blood, and gangrene was setting in.

He talked at length, using both the vernacular and impressive medical terms. If the leg were not cut off, he could not save the life of young Huang. It was very simple: amputate and he lived, fail to amputate and he died.

The family looked at each other. They bowed and retreated a little. The doctor did the same, as if following a prescribed ritual. The family began to whisper among themselves.

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The doctor grew impassive. Awesome and tremendous as the hospital might be, he was up against something more awesome and tremendous. He was up against the weight of centuries—the pressure of a habit so ingrained it seemed innate; he was up against millions upon millions of other Chinese who would have been surprised, astonished, perhaps outraged if he had not waited. He was up against the tyrannical but life-giving basis of Chinese society, the family. Young Huang's life was not his concern; it was his family's concern. The doctor had to wait.

Their decision came quickly. It was very direct. It did not pose conditions, questions, or alternatives. Said the family:

"Do not cut off the leg."

The doctor sighed, wearily but without visible disturbance, creating again the impression that he was merely going through a ceremony. They asked to see young Huang, and he led them to the ward. One of the women, his mother no doubt, grew ashy pale and clutched at the bed with convulsive fingers. But the scene was quiet. There was some embarrassed shuffling. The boy's father kept examining the cot with his rough hands. Once he looked at his son with a vague expression, but quickly returned his eyes to the cot.

"It's iron," he said.

He said this several times.

In a little while they moved off, the old uncle marching at the head of the column. They would return the next day, they told the doctor.

The scene the next day was almost an exact repetition of the first, but with this difference—there was a new urgency. The leg was badly gangrenous. Young Huang's fever had risen. It would now be necessary to amputate a little higher; and even so, there was now a doubt. It was only perhaps that he would live—perhaps.

As before, the family had a private consultation. The doctor waited. His expression in the dim hospital corridor was one of resignation.

The family turned at last.

"Do not cut off the leg."

There was no third visit, for young Huang died twelve hours later, in the early dawn of the following day.

The hospital recorded the cause of Huang's death as blood poisoning following an injury to his left leg. The doctor, speaking to me, added vaguely, "And, well, other things."

I had seen Huang when he came to the hospital. I was assisting there at the time in war-relief work. His eyes had caught mine as he was wheeled to the operating room. There was nothing apprehensive in that glance, just a puzzled quality. Why it caught my interest I don't know; it was a thing of less than a second, yet it has lasted all these years. At any rate it was then that I became interested in the case, and in time that searching, puzzled glance became a part of my own wonder as to why he had to die.

For this reason, the doctor, with his "And, well, other things," excited me. What did he mean? I demanded.

He looked at me a little blankly, as if not quite aware of his own remark.

"It was the fault of the family," he said at last. "It could not be helped."

"Of course," I agreed. "But why? Why did they prefer him dead with both legs rather than alive with one?"

"They did not wish to have his leg cut off."

This was an answer one might call Oriental. At least I have met it most often in the East—a statement of the facts as a reason for their existence, an acceptance of things that happen as the result of things happening that way. "Why do you do this or that?" "It is our custom to do this or that."

I might have known then that the doctor would be no help, but I kept on pressing him all the same.

"Did they suppose he might live with both legs?"

"Perhaps."

"But you told them it was impossible."

"Perhaps they didn't believe me. I cannot say."

"Were they afraid of his being a cripple? Couldn't he still work?"

"They are ordinary common people. Perhaps they are superstitious."

"What is the exact nature of the superstition?"

"They don't like someone who has his leg cut off."

In this manner our discourse came full circle, leaving me none the wiser. I still don't know if the doctor could have told me more. I don't believe he was trying to conceal anything, for when I finally discovered the truth, he readily agreed. I think he understood or felt it, but was too close himself to explain.

I did not even try to approach the family. Instead, I asked others of the same social position what they would have done: coolies and bearers in the hospital, a gardener, my houseboy, and a cobbler who had refused to mend my shoes because they weren't rundown enough.

They all were honest. They said what their instinct and training, what their lives had made them think. They were not educated enough to be trapped by any desire to say what they thought I ought to hear.

"To be sure," they said at once, "it was best not to cut off the leg."

None explained why young Huang

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had died. But suddenly I knew. Slowly, as in the child's game of connecting dots to make a picture, the thread of my inquiry, moving from one bit of evidence to another, had presented me with the answer.

It was very tragic, but, as I say, its significance lay only in opening my eyes. The event itself was nothing, or rather it was a commonplace, the result of an attitude expressed every day in a thousand ways in untold millions of lives.

Young Huang had been executed by fear. His family were afraid to let him live lest as a cripple he threaten their survival—and his own. What had led me astray was the entirely unreasonable and impractical nature of that attitude. The family loved him; they were heartbroken at his death. It was very unlikely that Huang would have been a liability despite the loss of a leg. Even if he had been, it is hard to believe that a family as sturdy as his would have been unable to support him.

But fear is not reasonable. And this fear was so terrible, so ingrained, so much a habit, a mass psychosis rather than anything specific, they did not even think about it. They simply acted as its pressure dictated, instinctively, inevitably. Their action was not cruel; it was only cruel that they had to act as they did. That is the sum of it: They had to act as they did.

In that action lies Asia's most somber tragedy: not the *fact* of people starving to death, but the *fear* of it, a fear of such endemic proportions that it plagues half the world's population, so warping minds that a favorite son can be ordered to death on a series of unlikely possibilities. As a cripple Huang *might* have proved a drain on the family's resources, times *might* have worsened, and young Huang's downward pull, however slight, *might* have been the final weight that drew the family into the vortex sucking at Asia's masses: family dissolution, a society incapable of help, a beggar's life, death by the side of the road.

So it is in most of Asia.

Outside an Annamite village a man lies huddled in a wayside shrine waiting to die. People come and go, but they do not stop. They do not even seem to notice him, but they notice him very well. And it is not lack of feeling that keeps them from stopping. Like Huang's family, they can't afford to take the risk, or think they can't. *Indeed, it is the man waiting to die who builds the fear that keeps them from stopping.*

Eight members of a farming family in northern Kiangsi sit weeping, tears streaming down old faces as well as young, because an old sow has died and her newborn litter of fourteen pigs must also die for lack of her milk. They cry openly, unashamedly, because the sow and the small pigs were the marginal security that was to take them through to the next harvest. But now that is gone, and the Huang family terror, not in possibility but dread immediacy, yawns before them.

In April, 1945, an unrecorded battle was fought along the Chekiang-Anhwei border. Its curious developments were quickly suppressed by the Nationalists—for understandable reasons. The 62nd Nationalist Division was advancing against a smaller Communist column of the New Fourth Army. The 62nd was a poor outfit; its men, gaunt

and diseased, had been half starved by a graft-ridden officer staff. They occupied a mountain valley. The Reds held the heights above.

One evening when the wind blew down from the mountains, the Communists set up cook pots on the naked hillside so that the wind carried the fragrant odors to the valley below. They then announced through megaphones what they were having for dinner, how much they were having, and how often. Throughout the evening these simple statistics rolled down the hillside like an artillery barrage supporting the infiltrating attack of smells.

That night, four thousand men climbed the hills and joined the Communists. In the early dawn the Red column fell on the demoralized remnant of the 62nd and destroyed it completely.

Later a disconsolate officer of that lost division complained to me that the Communists had been completely unscrupulous. "They will do anything," he said bitterly. "They are ruthless." No doubt. One cannot go deeper in Asia than exploitation of the Huang family sickness.

The westerner in Asia may be aware of the disease, but he is immunized against it by the simple fact that he can always go home to a society that will at least keep him from starving to death.

But now and again that sanitary wall is punctured. Now and again across the face of Asia there appears a beggar, a miserable and ragged beggar with a western skin, usually a White Russian. Usually drunk, always filthy, he assaults the citadel of western confidence.

If Asia could detach itself from its problems, it could be pardoned the roar of almost hysterical laughter that greets the pitiful antics of the westerner when faced with this apparition. Frantically he hurls a few dollars at the vagabond, indignantly he screams at his servants, or calls the police, to eject the horror from his compound. Then he retires to the most reassuring corner of his foreign-style house to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and from his soul the dim glimpse of terror, the awareness that even "one of us" can sink to Asia's depth of degradation.

And soon he succeeds, of course, feeling a little ashamed of himself, but no end pleased that the specter who caused the disturbance has wandered off into the nowhere from which he came.

It is unfortunate that we as a nation cannot have some of this shock treatment. It would help decrease our imperfect comprehension of Asian attitudes, and the consequent futility, even imbecility, of many of our actions in Asia. —PRESTON SCHOYER

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Neither Death nor Taxes: Defense Plans of Europe's Rich

About a year ago a friend of mine, who has long been distressed at the way the world has been taking itself into serfdom in clear defiance of the warnings and wishes of Professor Friedrich Hayek, returned from a conscientious survey of the state of freedom in western Europe. He was not as discouraged as I had expected. Britain, Scandinavia, and the Netherlands were, to be sure, lost; in all these countries, and deafeningly in Britain, one heard the clank of welfare chains. But in France and Italy things were much better. Less by the design of the governments than by their default on bad intentions, a rough approximation of *laissez faire* had come into being. Regulations abounded, but they were not being enforced. The statute books of both countries showed a wholly immoral intention to tax the fruits of property and enterprise. But the rich and the enterprising were not paying the taxes, and were getting away with it.

Even more encouraging was the case of West Germany. In Italy and France the free market led a kind of furtive existence under governments that were verbally committed to something else but incapable of bringing it off. In Germany the doctrines of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and Jeremy Bentham were being proclaimed as the beacon lights of German statecraft. Following the currency reform of 1948, price, wage, rationing, raw-material, and a growing proportion of the exchange controls had been thrown overboard by a government which affirmed its opposition to all forms of planning. And, while in France and Italy it was necessary to resort to tax evasion to enjoy the full rewards of private initiative, in Germany plans were afoot to reduce taxes on the middle- and upper-income brackets. This would not go so far as to eliminate the need for tax evasion by these groups, but it signified a stalwart spirit.

During the past year Americans, as so often before, have had to lay aside contrived worries and contemplate real ones. Alarm over Hayek's type of serfdom has had to give way to the less subtle but more substantial danger of Stalin's variety. Were my friend now on a European hegira he would almost certainly be worrying about the willingness and capacity of different European countries to defend themselves in the event of aggression from the East. The countries where he would find reassurance would be the welfare states, precisely those which alarmed him most before. His doubts would center on those countries which have been having a tryst with *laissez faire*.

There is no serious question of the willingness of the people of the United Kingdom and Scandinavia to fight for their right to be slaves in their own agreeable way. Should war come, their ability to do so would not be hampered by a large Communist Party or by an apathetic mass devoid of any faith. The simple fact is that most people in these countries like life as they now find it, and would rally to its defense.

That things are very different in France, Italy, and Germany has become one of the exceedingly well-told tales of recent months. In France and Italy the Communist Parties are virtually states within states. In both countries they are solidly in control of the trade-union movement. In the event of war they could assume control over localities, possibly even regions, and immobilize whole industries.

But the persuaded Communists are not the only problem. Among the lower-income masses of France and Italy there are many more who simply do not care—who do not consider their present governments sufficiently effective or sufficiently on *their* side to be worth defending. They would be passive allies of an aggressor as they are now passive allies of the West. And the well-to-do in both countries include many who have concluded that their own wartime salvation, like their present well-being, would be best served by private initiative. They have made their plans for the day when the Russians march, and these include neither serving in an army nor expecting an army to do more than cover their flight abroad. This is a logical extension of a

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faith in *laissez faire*—it would be quite romantic to suppose that a state that is weak in peacetime will suddenly become strong in war.

The situation in West Germany is different but no more reassuring. The Communists in the Federal Republic are a negligible force; there would be no unmanageable fifth column in the event of war. But there would be little enthusiasm for resistance. For many years, and especially since the Second World War, it has been assumed that the average German stands ready at all times to get into uniform and die for any cause—good, improbable, or bizarre. We have recently made the disconcerting discovery that interest in a new German Army among those who would serve in it is decidedly slight.

There are several reasons for this. Germans of all ages have reasons to be war-weary that are shared by few Americans and not many Englishmen. The average German veteran had an experience with military service—culminating in defeat and climaxed by a term in a prisoner-of-war camp—that would make the corresponding service of the average G.I. seem like a well-provisioned camping trip. But it is also a fact that even Germans must have something to fight for. Few of them can feel inspired to die for their ruined and wretchedly congested cities, for villages that are billeted to the attics with refugees, and for a truncated state in which the coexistence of gray poverty and great wealth is widely regarded as inevitable.

That the welfare states are good allies and the others are not is clearly no accident. Indifferent governments beget indifferent people, and this is a political theorem that we shall forget at our peril. It is not the social services that are most important; and in any case France, Italy, and Germany are not so much behind Britain and Scandinavia in the provision of social insurance, the regulation of wages and hours, and other fields of social legislation. The important thing about the latter countries is that all are assured that any hardships will be shared.

Reasonable equality in the distribution of income is necessary for a feeling of participation in the life of the national community, and for a sense of responsibility for its protection. Where, as in the case of France, Italy, and Germany, the shares in income are egregiously unequal, the sense of participation gives way to a sense of exclusion. This is not a mood which sends men to the recruiting stations.

This mood has a baneful effect on attitudes toward the United States. The British or Norwegian worker has been able to go far in satisfying himself as to the benefits of American aid—he is aware of having been helped himself and he has not observed anyone else getting an obviously larger share. In France and Italy, by contrast, although Marshall Plan aid has forestalled serious hardship and has brought some advance in mass living standards, it has been accompanied by enormous gains for the well-to-do. From below it has been far easier than most Americans suppose to view the whole effort as peculiarly for the benefit of those who least needed help—as an amiable gesture by plutocratic America to the local plutocracy. At the very minimum the wide and growing differences in income levels in France and Italy, flaunted as only the European Right can flaunt them, have offset much of the gain in social contentment that might otherwise have been expected.

In Germany the gains by the masses of the people since 1948 have been real and substantial, but the increase in the disparity between rich and poor has, if anything, been even more startling than in France or Italy. In the currency reform of 1948, those Germans—mostly of the working and lower middle classes—who had their wealth in the form of money, bank deposits, or fixed income-bearing securities were confirmed in the loss of all but a token share of their property. Owners of shares in industrial and commercial enterprises and of real property were little affected. Since 1948, industrial production has been expanding, prices have been favorable, and wages on the whole stable. While the position of nearly everyone has improved, the profits of German entrepreneurs have gone from good to fabulous. Partly to induce saving and strengthen incentives but partly, one supposes, out of dislike of the progressive income tax, the German Government has reduced taxes in the middle- and upper-income brackets. As a result, German owners and managers have a tax liability on their profits and earnings which is nearly negligible by British or American standards. They enjoy standards of personal consumption which are far beyond the reach of an American or an Englishman of equivalent gross income.

In Italy and France, as in Germany,

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the problem of inequality is ultimately a problem in taxation. The progressive income tax in the modern state has become an important leveling instrument. The incidence of inheritance, luck, ability, and diligence among men is distressingly unequal; the income tax makes the inequality tolerable. But even more important, the income tax has become the great defense of inequality. The rich man no longer justifies his higher income by reference to his superior ability, energy, or moral right, no matter how strongly he feels about it. Instead, he simply points to the taxes he has to pay. And the poor man, for his part, comforts himself with the thought that his poverty saves him from a hell of a tax bill. Just as the income tax is the great easer of social strains, so it follows that any country that lacks one is in for trouble.

Germany, France, and Italy all lack an effective income tax. Apart from the right-wing ideological opposition to the tax in Germany, the difficulty is principally one of administration. In none of the three countries is the tax authority held in anything like the same respect as the Bureau of Internal Revenue in the United States or the Board of Inland Revenue in Great Britain. No social odium attaches to the crime of tax evasion, nor does it involve jail sentences. In all three countries, bargaining between taxpayer and tax authority is taken for granted; in France and Italy, bribery, fraudulent bookkeeping, and perjury by the taxpayer are less the exception than the rule.

Under such circumstances, the tax, while it can produce a certain amount of revenue, cannot bite deeply into anyone's income. It is nearly useless as a device for narrowing the gap between rich and poor and for distributing the burdens of government in accordance with ability to pay. Government, in consequence, is paid for mostly by indirect levies on the poor.

There are three consequences of such a breakdown in the income tax. The first is that no one knows just how unequally income is distributed. Elsewhere income-tax data are an important source of information on personal income distribution. The failure in taxation that causes a bad income distribution thus becomes a serious barrier to finding out how bad things are.

The second consequence is a serious waste of resources on luxury consumption that could be available for investment or for improving general standards of living. Well-informed observers of the German economy have guessed that families in the highest ten per cent of the income brackets now consume as much as forty per cent of all the consumers' goods and services available to the German economy. The diversion of a substantial proportion of this expenditure to housing would promise reasonably rapid relief for the squalid congestion of German cities. It is also worth noting that the costs of sustaining well-to-do Germans in their present spacious standard of living are not borne entirely by Germans. ECA officials have guessed that Germany's imports of luxury products for consumption by the well-to-do now amount to as much as $100 million a year. Some part of this expenditure could be used for goods now paid for by American aid. During the period July 1 through October 31, 1950, West Germany was allotted $171.6 million.

Finally, in the absence of an effective income tax the poor of these countries can be reasonably certain that any increase in defense expenditures will come out of their hides. They do not need the Communists to assure them on the point, although the Communists will certainly do so. The danger has been well recognized that what would be gained in external security from increased European armies would be lost in internal security as the result of discontent fostered by the reduction in living standards. In principle, at least, the danger need not exist. Were it possible in France to levy income taxes on the British or American model, it would be quite possible to pay for the rearmament now contemplated out of upper-bracket consumption. The effect would be only to subject the continental plutocrat to a fate to which his American or British counterpart is now wholly resigned. The masses would remain unaffected.

Either through indirect taxation or as a result of the lag of wages behind prices, the French proletarian and small-salaried man will pay the cost of rearmament. The same will be true in Italy and Germany, to the extent that these countries are called upon. The well-to-do and rich will pass the cost of defense on to those who have the least material stake in the present order and who are least sure they want to defend it.

Obviously this makes no sense, and the time when sense can be made of this situation is running out. The problem of personal income distribution in general, and the rehabilitation of the tax structure of the Marshall Plan countries in particular, needs to be a major objective of the Economic Cooperation Administration in its last years. The ECA, to be sure, cannot intervene in the internal affairs of its clients whenever it sees something wrong. But it has thoroughly established the precedent of exerting pressure for measures that are essential to recovery or for conserving recovery

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funds. In the first years of the Marshall Plan such pressure was exercised to get efficient use of investment resources. Countries were pressed to prepare investment plans; the elimination of conflicts and overlap in these plans was a major task of the OEEC in Paris. The same energies must now be turned to a consideration of consumer spending, where the waste has always been serious and where it could in the near future be demoralizing.

As anyone familiar with French or Italian taxation and finance will emphasize, this is a task of inestimable difficulty. But other tasks that have been faced by ECA—for example, getting continental countries to plan their investments, balance their budgets, and undertake a program of trade liberalization—have also been difficult.

American officials in Europe have fully recognized the dangers in present income distribution and the need for tax reform. Jean Cattier, an international banker who was until recently Commissioner McCloy's chief financial adviser and is now ECA chief in Germany, took over his new office with the announcement that Germany's tax system was "one of the most regressive in the world." He told the German government that the higher occupation costs that would be incurred for the defense of Germany should be paid for by a bigger bite on the wealthier citizens. It is possible that such pressure would have been applied long before now were it not for the chorus of protest that could be expected from the Americans who would see the United States as leading a crusade for egalitarianism in Europe and from Europeans who would see themselves as its victims.

The American criticism can safely be risked. After all, it will occur to most conservatives here that there is some point in making the well-to-do European pay his way as the American already must. The European criticism should be welcomed. Complaints from the European Right that we are seeking to have it taxed excessively would greatly enhance our prestige on the continent.

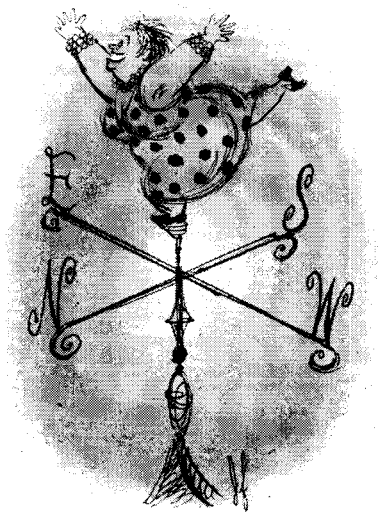
In fact, nothing should worry us less than some anti-American demonstrations at Biarritz, Deauville, and on the Lido. We might even drop leaflets on the rioters inviting them to go over to the Communists. —J. K. GALBRAITH

Biarritz: 'The *Only* Place'

The century's mid-year was one of international decisions in the U.N., in Korea, and in the struggle between political theories. It was a year of international expenditure for defense and, through ECA, for recovery.

For the International Set, too, it was a year of expenditure and decision. They discarded all pretense of caution, economy, seriousness, and limited foregathering. In 1950, after ten years of absence, they were back in Biarritz, on the Basque coast of France, as concentrated, as opulent, as representative, and as gorgeously dressed—from ball gowns to bathing suits—as ever.

At the Palace Hotel the Duke of Windsor and his American duchess spent their time getting ready to make their brief, bored, highly publicized personal appearances, or rested up from appearances just made. The elderly French actress Cecile Sorel welcomed new friends and old to her suite, to help her keep a newly acquired religious fervor within the bounds of reason. Her self-designed costume, combining a low-cut Mary Stuart bodice with a Benedictine skirt under a black satin Franciscan cape, could only be described as *ravissant*. Her picture in it at prayers before her private altar was printed in the press, as was a remark by a local curé that Miss Sorel's attempt to get nearer to God seemed to coincide with her inability any longer to get a man near her. Elsa Maxwell, that extrasensitized social weathervane, said at her press conference that the Riviera was "simply *crawling*," that all her "*nicest* friends" were in Biarritz and her "other *nicest* friends" were coming. She added ecstatically: "This is the *only* place to be."



To a great many people who could not possibly afford to be there, the remark had a reminiscently offensive flavor. Everybody knew that the world's wealthy still sought each other's company in luxurious surroundings, played, gambled, sunned themselves, and dressed up. But the Second World War and its brief, reform-minded aftermath had seemed to scatter the International Set as if a ball of mercury had been smashed by a bomb or a bullet, leaving only its particles to glitter in widely separated, half-hidden globules. The year 1950 hardly seemed well chosen for its return, full force, flamboyant and unapologetic, to its old haunts. It seemed tactless, or in bad taste, or downright provocative that this return should be so determinedly advertised, and in such frivolous terms.

Neither the moment nor the advertisement was accidental. A huge and businesslike sum had been spent to bring Biarritz back. The moment was carefully chosen, at the end of a period of caution. It was made possible by the failure of the dream of a new Biarritz in a new France. To at least a few men, the postwar history of Biarritz

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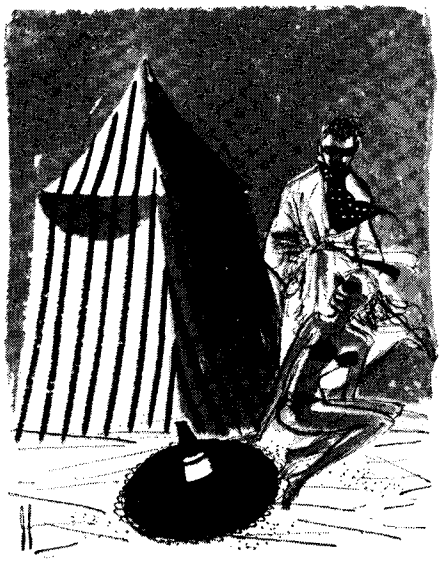
was symbolic of an era. It represented both dead hope and present danger.

Biarritz was and is an arbitrary and man-made, rather than a natural, phenomenon. Its weather is violent, unpredictable, and frequently disagreeable. Its short, wide beach of coarse sand is unprotected and dangerous for swimming. It has never been noted for food or for wine. The Empress Eugénie may have been impressed with the rugged beauty of its cliffs—or by its proximity to her native Spain—when she built her summer palace on a wave-pounded rock. It was Edward VII who made it into a famous international resort when, as Prince of Wales, he met his mistresses there in the 1890's. Alfonso XIII was among the liveliest who kept up its traditions. Long before the gay 1920's, its best barber had cut the hair of five reigning kings and trimmed too many dukes and American millionaires to count. Its huge, super-deluxe hotels, medium-sized and small inns, apartments, and rooming houses crowd the narrow streets of its central area. Its villas, ranging from fifty rooms to two and a bath, sprawl along its winding streets. They were all constructed on the solid basis of Biarritz's snob appeal.

Rooming space went begging while the appeal was in abeyance. During the war, the Germans housed a number of troops there, ostensibly to guard against attack. They were kept busy building an elaborate set of coastal defenses. It was suspected that, considering the fact that not even a rowboat could land within an appreciable distance of Biarritz, the troops were more comfortable than useful.

However, the local resistance movement in Biarritz was resourceful; it made life difficult for the occupiers. When the Germans evacuated the town, they revenged themselves by destroying many buildings. When they were gone, the government of the local resistance took over in the name of de Gaulle and the leftist program of the national resistance.

The town was moribund, half starved, and unproductive—a useless honeycomb of buildings beside a short beach. There were no idle international rich free to come to it. It was left to its townspeople, who had lived



by catering to its visitors and to its old landed aristocratic families. The collaborators among them cowered and hoped for survival. The French and Spanish aristocrats huddled together and dreamed of a return to old monarchies and a class society in which everybody had his immutable place, with theirs at the top. The men of the resistance, local Communists and Catholic Basques, tradespeople and workmen alike, dreamed of a Biarritz which would be a truly international and a truly popular resort.

When the U.S. Army decided to use Biarritz for an educational experiment, the idea was welcomed. For Biarritz, the Americans represented not only liberation but order, stability, work, and rehabilitation. The vast American University project was as democratic and progressive as any dream of the future. The officers of the Army and the huge faculty of the university, chosen from a hundred U.S. institutions, moved in first. The royal suite at the Palace became the university's central office. When the great dining hall in the Hotel Miramar became the central mess, the head chef there proved to be nearly the only man ever to turn out palatable powdered eggs. Offered a choice of subjects equaled only by a few of the major universities back home, G.I.'s from all over Europe applied to attend. Credits received there would be good toward a degree anywhere in the States. There were no plans to close the university with the

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end of the war. It was part of a great program for the American troops who would stay in Europe until the stability of the postwar world along democratic lines was assured. G.I.'s poured in, spilling from their classrooms and living quarters onto the beach and through the town, and loving it. The professors said they had never had more appreciative students.

After V-J Day the clamor to bring the boys home started. Over protests from General Marshall, the hasty evacuation got underway, and the Americans began to leave Biarritz.

The town government remained largely in the hands of former resistance members. It refused to permit the Bellevue Casino, which had been the center and symbol of Biarritz's old public social life, to reopen because it had belonged to a collaborator. The government tried to enforce a leveling of prices, even in the finest hotels, to attract plain people to Biarritz. However, it was not the people but the black marketeers and their undisguisable women who were the first new patrons of Biarritz. In 1947 and 1948, the middle-class French began to come, spending carefully at the inflationary prices the hoarded money in which they no longer had faith. The middle-class British, tired of their sun-starved island, were tethered to fifty pounds for their whole vacation abroad. The Municipal Casino run by the town demanded that its guests wear shoes, where the Bellevue had formerly required white ties. All that was happening was that Biarritz was losing caste without coming much closer to fulfilling anybody's ideal. The patronage of Biarritz was neither inspiring, pretty, nor particularly profitable.

The dream of a plain man's Biarritz wore thin. Men from the post-liberation resistance administration, including some Communists, members of the old Biarritz families, and representatives of business in Biarritz took timid counsel and decided that they must reattract the glamour and wealth that had at least once been good business for Biarritz. They had a "forbidden" film festival and invited celebrities. They gave a gala at which a Left Bank night-club group from Paris was supposed to jest with rich and aristocratic patrons. There were exactly two paid admissions and the champagne was poor. The moderately well-to-do and middling new rich continued to hunt for bargains in rooms, queue up for pastries, and shake their heads over the prices in the branches of Paris shops.

However, the man who inherited the Palace Hotel and the Bellevue Casino from his collaborationist father was among the shrewd operators who had waited until the moment was right. Georg Lillaz, whose own record against the Germans was impeccable, quietly got permission from the national government to reopen the discredited Bellevue. He got hold of Christian Dior's former press agent, Harrison Elliott, a lively young American full of ideas, and gave him an unlimited expense account. He hired the general manager away from the Negresco Hotel in Nice and gave him carte blanche to attract the right people to the Palace. He poured the money gained from his extensive bargain-basement department store in Paris, the Bazaar de l'Hotel de Ville, which catered to the poor, into remaking a super resort for the rich.

The huge Bellevue was refurnished in a style too magnificent to be characterized merely as "prewar." Lillaz and others arranged a program for the Biarritz season that included orchestras, ballets, balls, recitals, circuses, folklore, fashion shows, horse shows, dog shows, automobile shows, golf tournaments, tennis tournaments, bullfights, great indoor galas, and free outdoor fireworks at the rate of a million and a half francs worth per fête. The right people who were honey pots for other right people were coaxed, cozened, invited free, and in some cases bribed to come.

Though Edward of Windsor was a wan, politically unimportant, and monogamous substitute for his grandfather, Edward VII, a great number of "beach peasants"—those who came to swim and gape, but could not afford to stay—and "locals" lined the streets to see the duke and his duchess swish by in one of their long black Cadillacs. Franco's brother was scarcely as gay as Alfonso XIII; ex-Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain hardly replaced the lovely Eugénie of the past, but the reception for "Queen Ena" at the Villa Haitzura was as formal, as dull, and as eagerly attended as such functions could be. King Farouk of Egypt had an eye for girls and a taste for practical jokes and roulette. Of the men who are known throughout Europe as "the three greatest gamblers of today" —Zanuck, Selznick, and Litvak—two came, bringing from Hollywood a tradition as extravagant as any in history. Others who were there included a Countess, Norma Shearer, lady bullfighter Conchita Cintrón, Ambassador and Mrs. Bruce, a Brazilian princess, two American archbishops, Franco's daughter, and Barbara Hutton Troubetzskoy.

There was a ticklish moment before the season was an assured success.

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When the Korean War began, a flood of cables from the States canceled reservations in the luxury hotels. A member of the Biarritz Syndicat d'Initiative murmured softly and sadly, "It seems the Americans do not have the spirit to amuse themselves while the war is going on." But the Americans had more spirit than he thought. In two weeks the hiatus was over. More Americans decided to come than had ever decided to stay away because of the Korean War.

There were those who deplored the Biarritz success because of the means to the end. Some older inhabitants still believed that privacy is the privilege and sign of social eminence, that the frequently scandalous behavior of the upper classes should never be paraded to encourage imitation among the lower. They longed for the days when Edward VII was accompanied by a Scotland Yard man armed with an umbrella to smash the cameras of the inquisitive. They preferred that Biarritz die in faded elegance rather than glow in the flash of bulbs. There were those who carped at the evidence that old-fashioned snob appeal could still be the basis of such success. The voices of the deplorers longing for the past and the carpers regretting a future that had never come could scarcely be heard above the soft click of roulette balls dropping into place or the crackle of the brand-new five-thousand-franc notes which would buy one dinner at a good restaurant or one bed for one night in a good hotel.

Watching the lavish scene, one French journalist concluded that the world had really learned little and forgotten nothing. There had never, he said enthusiastically, with the relish for historical parallel that almost all Frenchmen display, been a sleeker, more conspicuous, more elegant set of heads ready to fall under the guillotine of any revolution they might help to provoke.

—Lael Tucker

Baltimore Report: A House Divided

Baltimore is uncomfortable, not to say distraught, and this is sad, for Baltimore under ordinary conditions is the most comfortable large city in the United States.

The big, drowsy, somewhat shabby and more than somewhat smug city on the Patapsco for generations has adhered with as much passion as Baltimore is capable of generating to two ideals—liberty and loyalty. Now they seem to be incompatible with each other, with the result that the town is being pulled violently in opposite directions. If the strain continues indefinitely, a split personality will be the inevitable result; and already alarming symptoms of schizophrenia are beginning to appear.

As evidence I cite two events, one that happened months ago and one fairly recent. In May, a large and enthusiastic public dinner was given in honor of Owen Lattimore, target of Senator Joseph McCarthy's wrath; and a few weeks ago Baltimoreans held a referendum on, and endorsed nearly three to one, the Ober Act—as violent a statute against dangerous thoughts as any American legislature has as yet adopted.

The significance of the Lattimore event cannot be fully appreciated without taking into account the civic manners and customs of Baltimore. For two hundred years a dinner has been the Maryland accolade. Where Hollywood, moved by enthusiasm for an eminent citizen, donates an Oscar, where New York holds an official reception on the steps of the City Hall, where Boston turns out the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to stand at attention and salute, Baltimore gives a dinner. It is the most comfortable form of public tribute ever devised, and consistent with the character of a comfortable town; but it is no less symbolic than the gilded wooden key presented by mayors elsewhere.

The dinner to Lattimore, incidentally, was a strictly personal tribute as viewed from one angle, and strictly impersonal as viewed from another. That is to say, among those who participated were some who later regretted that Senator McCarthy was wrong; for if Lattimore had been in fact the chief architect of our Far Eastern policy, as McCarthy charged, then we would have been out of Korea more than two years ago. Others who attended saw no wisdom in the Lattimore argument but admired a fighting champion of free speech; and they paid tribute less to the man than to the battering he gave his Senatorial attacker. Viewed from either angle, the dinner was a strong testimonial to Baltimore's traditional enthusiasm for freedom of thought and freedom of expression.

Nevertheless, a horde of Baltimore politicians, including some of the gaud-

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iest, came out in support of the Ober Act. This statute is more or less on the order of certain provisions of the McCarran Act in Congress, but more reckless. It makes membership in any organization branded as subversive by the Attorney General of the United States a bar to holding public office in the State of Maryland; thus Mr. McGrath becomes the official keeper of Maryland's conscience—as flat a repudiation of the principle of freedom of thought and expression as could well be devised.

Every public servant must take oath that he belongs to no such organization. To date, four people have been separated from their jobs because of refusal to take the oath—two schoolteachers, a doctor in the public-health service, and a librarian. None is even suspected of the remotest connection with the Communists, but they are all Quakers, conscientiously objecting to all oaths, and especially to oaths of that sort. The statute is so loosely drawn that if a Ku Klux administration ever captured the state, it would be a simple matter to pervert the Ober Act to the persecution of Zionists and Catholics. The labor unions, the teachers' associations, the librarians, and the Civil Liberties Union fought the law, as did all varieties of radicals; but the politicians, with their characteristic poltroonery, either shut up altogether or joined the hue and cry against suspected Reds.

So Baltimore has become an uncomfortable city, strained to the verge of hysteria. Gone is the old equipoise that, during the reign of prohibition, enabled H. L. Mencken and Dr. George W. Crabbe, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, to chat with the utmost amiability when they met on a street corner. Nowadays C. P. Ives, columnist for the Baltimore *Sun*, calls "the 1933 men" immoral persons devoid of principle, and Lattimore calls Ives an incipient Nazi. Gone is the once dominant theory—illusory, perhaps, but wondrously comfortable—that the average Marylander, while very likely a jackass, was at bottom a decent and pretty reliable fellow. Under the new dispensation, all Marylanders are frightful; for one who backs Lattimore is Joseph Stalin thinly disguised, and one who backs the Ober Act is Adolf Hitler raised from the dead.

It is sad, but it is the trend of the times. All one can say for it is that it may make the psychiatrists marvelously prosperous.

The election of Republican Theodore R. McKeldin as Governor of Maryland was assured by the pyrrhic victory of William P. Lane, Jr., in the Democratic primaries last September. Lane won a majority of the county units in the state convention, but in the popular vote he trailed George P. Mahoney by some eighteen thousand votes.

This forced the high command of the Democratic Party into the position that practical politicians most dread—they were compelled to make a definite decision on a matter of principle. Only three courses were possible, and each of the three was obviously the wrong thing to do. They were (a) to nominate Lane and thus present a candidate whom a majority of Democrats opposed, or (b) repudiate the unit rule, thereby confessing that the party has been wrong for many years, or (c) retire both Lane and Mahoney in favor of a third man, and so offer a candidate whom nobody wanted. In the end, Lane was nominated and roundly defeated in the November election.

But before the decision was taken, the result was such milling and stewing and running around in circles among the Democratic politicos as had rarely been witnessed. Their woe was as great as the glee of McKeldin, who was the unanimous Republican choice. The wise money was quickly laid on McKeldin to win unless, indeed, he laughed himself to death before the voting. With an effort, he survived.

What happened to Lane is worth the careful attention of politicians all over the country. It is a vivid demonstration that *panem et circenses* is not the correct formula for success in American politics; is should be *circenses et panem,* at least in Maryland. You can cut out the bread, but you drop the circuses at your peril.

Lane bored the electorate. That was the head and front of his offending. He is a lawyer from Hagerstown, a small city in western Maryland; he has all the right connections (University of Virginia, Episcopalian, decorated veteran of the First World War, newspaper publisher, long service in various minor offices); he is courteous and affable in his personal relations and on dead center in his political ideology.

He made an excellent governor. He raised the salaries of schoolteachers, he was more than generous to the University of Maryland, he improved the hospitals for mental and tubercular cases, he inaugurated a huge road-building program, and he began actual construction of the bridge across Chesapeake Bay about which Marylanders have been talking for about a hundred years.

But somehow he had a fatal capacity for extracting every vestige of excitement from whatever he did. In the hands of the late Albert C. Ritchie the Lane program would have kept Maryland in a delirium for the past four years and probably would have made him a national reputation as a sensationally progressive governor. But Lane just went ahead and did it, while the state yawned. He financed it by the unpopular sales tax, and did not perceive that he must counteract that unpopularity by incessant drumbeating.

His show had everything except a good barker; but that lack ruined everything. —Gerald W. Johnson

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Memo to U. S. Officials Bound for Madrid

On November 15, the Economic Cooperation Administration announced that the United States will go ahead with dollar loans to Spain out of the $62,500,000 fund earmarked by Congress for that purpose. To help the officials who will represent the United States in Spain, The Reporter *publishes a memorandum addressed to them by one of our correspondents who recently returned from that country.—The Editors*

GENTLEMEN:

I must apologize for my forwardness in offering you this unsolicited memorandum before your departure for Spain. Spain is a country I have loved for many years, and spent much time in. My affection is for the Spanish people, rather than for any particular government past or present, but I wish ill to no government that is beneficial to the people. Our own government has now undertaken to give financial aid to that of Spain, and through it, it is hoped, to the people. Because I would like to share this hope, I have ventured to write this letter to you, the bearers of the gift.

If you drive to Madrid from any port or border, you will pass through a majestic countryside, with noble mountains rimmed in purple, wind-swept plateaus, and valleys where fruits and olives grow. The upland peasant and his burro beneath the vast and deep-blue sky are creatures of immense fortitude, since they have lived long in a land that is stubborn and austere. The fruitgrowers of the littoral are more volatile of temper, but they too have learned to bear with patience the burdens of nature and of rule. The people you will encounter in your stops for gasoline or refreshment will serve you politely, if not with warmth. They do not regard you as liberators, as they would have done five years ago when they thought that America was the foe of all fascism, but neither do they regard you as enemies; any change you bring with you, if indeed you bring a change for *them,* can only be for the better.

In Madrid, you will find your hosts prepared to extend to you the hand of Spanish courtesy, in full understanding of the spirit of your mission. This spirit, as you, too, fully understand, is one of friendship, and what passes from one hand to another during a clasp of friendship is not mentioned between gentlemen. As you courteously refrain from any reference to the fact that you are bringing a gift, so will your hosts refrain from reminding you that the gift was unsolicited.

You will surely have the opportunity of meeting your principal host, General Franco, and you will find him, as the many Congressmen who preceded you did, affable and at his ease—not quite a gentleman in the rigid terms of the Spanish aristocracy, but a professional soldier who has learned the value of a display of soldierly charm. The ease of his manner should not be mistaken for complacency, although of course you grant him the right to be complacent. You are not unaware that your government frequently suggested that it could give General Franco financial assistance if he would change the character of his régime, and that he never replied to these hints. You are aware that more recently your government offered him aid without this *quid pro quo,* stipulating only that he satisfy the conventional requirements of credit, and you doubtless know that his attitude has been that a gentleman's word is his collateral, especially when other collateral is low. And so you are going to General Franco on his terms, and he will expect you to remember that. But the condition of his country is

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"HONEST, MISTER, THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US SPANIARDS."

David Low on Franco: early 1939—nonintervention

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such that he hopes for many years of the relationship so agreeably begun.

Perhaps the next in importance among your hosts is General Franco's good friend Juan Antonio Suances, the Minister of Industry and Commerce and director of the Instituto Nacional de Industria. You will probably see more of Don Juan Antonio than of any other member of the government, and he will speak to you in English, which he acquired for the specific purpose of conversing with Americans; he was once fired by a British firm and has disliked Great Britain ever since. He has also picked up some Americanisms of manner, and will be able to laugh and joke with you like a manufacturer from Detroit.

Don Juan Antonio will feel that you should trust him, and he is an honest and an honorable man. It is therefore suggested that you ponder the nature of the Spanish government in general, and of the Institute of Industry in particular, before applying to them standards that are provincially American. For one thing, Spain has a far more modern form of government than the United States has; it was invented in Italy by Benito Mussolini and brought to perfection in Germany by Adolf Hitler. It has many points of resemblance with what in eastern Europe passes for "socialism," and if you have had any experience there it may be useful to you in Madrid.

In Spain, all business is controlled by the government and much of it is directly operated by the Institute of Industry—the railroads, shipping, and power, to name only three. It is thus a matter of necessity that many businessmen work for the government. But it is a matter of human nature that a businessman make a profit from his business, and in Spain these dual necessities have been wisely met by allowing the businessmen of the Institute to extract their profit from the other, nongovernment, businessmen in exchange for the favor of permitting them to conduct their private enterprises. The government businessmen you will meet in Don Juan Antonio's office or at his parties. The others you may not meet, for they are not directly concerned with the loan. In fact, when it was originally proposed, you may have wondered why many private businessmen opposed a gift presumably for their benefit. One reason may be that it isn't for their benefit at all. It would have to seep through Don Juan Antonio's Institute to get to them, and seepage there is negligible. Unless you are prepared to act the skinflint or the snooper, and so endanger the cordiality of your relations with your hosts, you should reconcile yourself to seeing some part of your $62.5 million, like the Baker in *The Hunting of the Snark,* "softly and silently vanish away, and never be met with again."

Nevertheless, some other part of it will no doubt find its way into public projects like the railroads. They have deteriorated to such an extent that it is cheaper, faster, and much safer to travel by car or by bus. But Spaniards, except a well-to-do few, do not travel much. A great many of them have Republican pasts, and General Franco has directed these to remain in certain places, often far from the places of their births. In an American car—which you will have—the highways are not too bad, especially those to Madrid from the north and from the Pardo, where the Generalissimo lives. They will not bear up under much military traffic, of course, and to make Spain an effective military base other roads will have to be built; so the money you have in hand will hardly be enough. But no doubt that will be suggested to you.

Here I would caution you not to blame the deterioration of the roads and railroads on the government—or at least not to do so in its hearing. Spain has been having a difficult time, due to the annual wheat shortages, which can be blamed only on nature and on the failure of Juan Perón to supply wheat indefinitely on credit. If you would have your country's friendship with Spain last longer than Argentina's, you will not remark, either, on the coincidence of wheat shortages with the government's control of wheat.

Your hosts will take a host's responsibility for making you comfortable in Madrid. If your stay is to be a long one, they will help you find a suitable house—probably larger than you need, but the rent and the cost of servants will be so low that you will not quibble. A chauffeur for your car will be another small item, and gasoline, along with whiskey and American cigarettes, can

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"PST! YOU BUY PRETTY POSTCARD, MISTER ANTI-RUSHY, VERY MUSHY"

As the Yalta Conference disbanded in February, 1945

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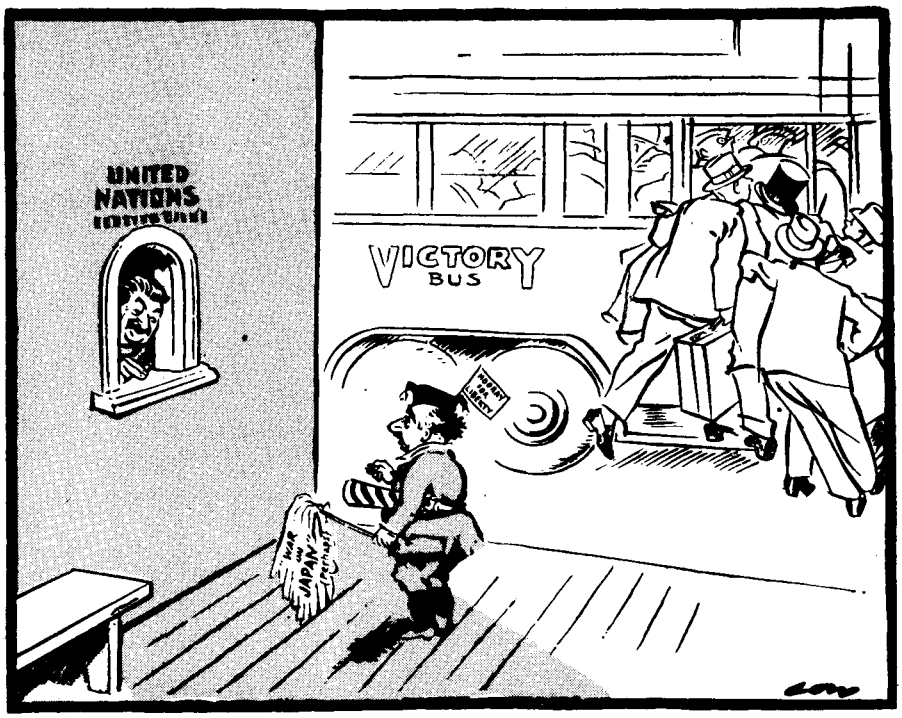
be had cheaply through the embassy. Since, in spite of the check in your pocket, the government is always in need of dollars, you will find that there has been established an unofficial, but entirely honorable, "embassy rate" of exchange, slightly less than the free market in Tangier (since someone must make a profit), and that with forty pesetas for your dollar good living will come cheaply. A few months ago you could have had nearly fifty pesetas for a dollar, but naturally the peseta rose in value with the news that brought you to Spain. (The official rate is eleven pesetas to the dollar.)

Even should you prefer a more simple way of life, it would be difficult to manage. In a modest flat you would be embarrassed by electricity cutoffs, water cutoffs, and the inability to entertain properly. Entertainment is important in Spain, as it is everywhere, and the government officials and generals who entertain you will offer a lavish hospitality. You may even notice a discrepancy between the quality of their hospitality and the amount of their salaries, and you may conclude that the extreme comfort of generals and functionaries is one reason why Spain needs the gift you bear. But if your mind goes this far afield, remember that a generous Congress sent you, press the button for a glass of Tío Pepe, and forget about it.

I hope you will take the time to see some bullfights, to hear some flamenco singing, and to visit at least one of the great stock-breeding estates, where young bulls or cows are fought in a private ring by your host and his talented friends. In the evening your host may bring in a flamenco singer and guitarist and a troupe of gypsy dancers, and it would not be uncommon if his daughter got up and danced with the gypsies. There is an Old World charm about such condescension, as there is about the singer's offer, if he catches your eye on a pretty gypsy, to arrange a later meeting.

You may be puzzled by the attitude of some of your hosts toward General Franco and his régime, because all of your entertainment will certainly not be at the hands of government officials. The older families of Spain are noted for their hospitality; they are partial to English and Americans, since many were schooled in England; almost all



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"WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE"

Franco's desperate leap for the gravy train in April, 1945

of them are monarchists of varying degrees of staunchness. They are likely to speak to you touchingly of the misery of the common people, possibly suggest that the misery could be alleviated by the return of their Count of Barcelona, even to insinuate (but never unpleasantly) that if it had not been for the millions of dollars in your stewardship a cabal of generals might soon have persuaded General Franco to leave the country.

Of course you will pay no attention to this, knowing that the monarchists have been waiting for years for the generals to persuade their superior general to leave. But the allusion to the misery of the people will, I fear, cause you some uneasiness, and if you are able to take the time from the pressing problems of your job, I am sure you will travel around the country to see whether the complaint is justified.

It is well known that the lower classes of Spain have existed for centuries under conditions of extreme poverty, and so it must be that they like it. One of our country's representatives in a smaller Spanish city characterized it to an acquaintance of mine as "voluntary poverty," doubtless referring to the fact that in recent years it has won many middle-class converts. The Spanish peasant in the south is noted for his sloth, and no health authority in Spain that I know of has ever established that this is caused by diet. In fact, the Andalusian peasant consumes large quantities of *gazpacho*, a sort of combination of soup and salad, which is a summer specialty of the Ritz in Madrid. Beggars and cripples abound in every Spanish city, but begging is a lazy man's way to make a living, and to be crippled is, in Spain, a joke. As for the ragged, filthy children who run after your car, eager to watch it for hours for a two-cent tip, notice how chubby their faces are, how fat their little round bellies. If a doctor tells you that the bellies are distended by gas, that the faces are chubby from a diet of starches and rancid oil, ask him whether he is a republican.

In northeastern Spain, on your way to visit the military establishment at Jaca, you will pass bare brown mountains with tops so flat that they might have been chopped off by a giant with an ax, and you will sometimes see people living in caves in the mountains. This magnificent landscape has not been able to produce for many generations, and other parts of the land are falling

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into the same disuse while the peasants stubbornly refuse to teach themselves the principles of soil conservation. The south wind that blows hot over the Pyrenees is blowing some of Spain with it, and more millions than you have at your disposal would be needed to restore it. Your guide will probably tell you that the government has built some hydroelectric projects in this region, but that drought, about which the government can do nothing, has kept them from supplying the power needs of Barcelona, off there over the mountains to your right. The fact is that with nature and the people against it, the government has had to be highly efficient to do anything about anything.

Last of all, there is a rather personal warning I'd like to give you. I am a journalist, and it was as a journalist that I went to Spain. I have to advise you to keep as far away from newspapermen as you can, American or not American, friendly or unfriendly to Franco. These fellows talk—and write. I am sure that you have been properly screened and have the highest qualifications for your job—tact and the ability to keep your mouth closed. But even so someday you might say too much just out of a sense of sympathy for the American taxpayer.

Yours, as you know, is a very special assignment. Powerful Senators of both parties, like McCarran of Nevada and Brewster of Maine, take a personal interest in it. They will follow everything you do, and they'll undoubtedly hear about your actions and attitude from their Spanish friends. Perhaps these Senators, exercising their legitimate right of patronage, may even have designated some of the members of your mission. Certainly, they haven't let anybody they consider obnoxious be appointed. So be careful even in your own group; keep any qualms you have to yourself; and when you feel dejected or frustrated, there's always some more Tío Pepe.

When you go home on leave, you will have to be just as cautious. Remember this particular assignment is delicate and may decide your whole career. Keep quiet about what you have seen in Spain. It would be tough on your family if you were classified as a poor security risk.

Yours,
CHARLES WERTENBAKER

Views & Reviews

Taft and the Ohio Press

When President Truman, just after the 1948 election, grinningly displayed a newspaper headline that prematurely proclaimed Dewey his successor, he was holding tangible evidence of the conception that some American newspapers had of their power to mold public opinion.

At the time, many Americans rejoiced because the power of the press had been proven not quite so overwhelming as those who controlled it imagined it to be. After that election the newspapers ate crow out of the same plate as the chagrined pollsters, but not for long. The same practices that failed in 1948 paid off handsomely in November, 1950.

That newspapers succeed in swinging elections or actually influencing the majority of voters is debatable. That this is their admitted or secret hope is quite probable. The problem that faces us, then, is whether the newspapers, in attempting to develop that power, are not jeopardizing the very freedom of the press under which they operate.

In the recent Senatorial contest between Robert A. Taft and Joseph T. Ferguson in Ohio it was painfully evident that the campaign news was strongly weighted in favor of Senator Taft. Out of a hundred or so daily newspapers in the state, not one officially endorsed Ferguson, while only two indicated that they were in favor of him. These facts alone indicate nothing wrong with the newspapers, since editorial support of a candidate is a paper's undeniable right. But the editorial manipulation of news stories and syndicated columns to discredit a candidate—or anyone, for that matter—is a practice that is not above reproach.

For example, when the Ohio Communist Party on October 19 announced its opposition to both Taft and Ferguson on the ground that the two candidates represented the same viewpoint, the event was treated as follows in three Ohio papers: The Springfield *Sun* objectively proclaimed TAFT, FERGUSON ARE 'REJECTED'; the Middletown *Journal* shifted the emphasis to COMMUNISTS OPPOSE BOB TAFT, BUT WON'T SUPPORT FERGUSON; and the Mansfield *Journal* threw objectivity to the winds with the headline OHIO REDS AFTER TAFT, and its one-sentence story completely ignored the Communist opposition to Ferguson by stating, "The communist party of Ohio said today it seeks to defeat Sen. Robert A. Taft."

The medium of the editorial cartoon was used very effectively in support of Taft. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* for instance, caricatured Ferguson before a microphone as a dummy held on a labor boss's knee, asking, "What am I tellin' 'em tonight, chief?" The obvious implication was that labor paid the fiddler and called the tune. This was far from the case, since Ferguson's state-wide radio speeches were based upon discussions of policy in which all the principals took part. The ideas were then rewritten by the staff of the Citizens' Committee for Ferguson, with absolutely no direction from any labor group. The political writer of the *Plain Dealer* knew this, because he regularly called the office of that committee for advance scripts of Ferguson's broadcasts, but his articles and the newspaper's cartoons still implied that labor bosses did the writing, or at least the directing.

Perhaps this could not be classified as a violation of freedom of the press, but the *Plain Dealer's* editing of a syndicated news column came dangerously close to flouting the responsibility of the press. The syndicated column in question was that of Joseph and Stewart Alsop. It appeared on July 7 in newspapers throughout the United States, among them the Cleveland

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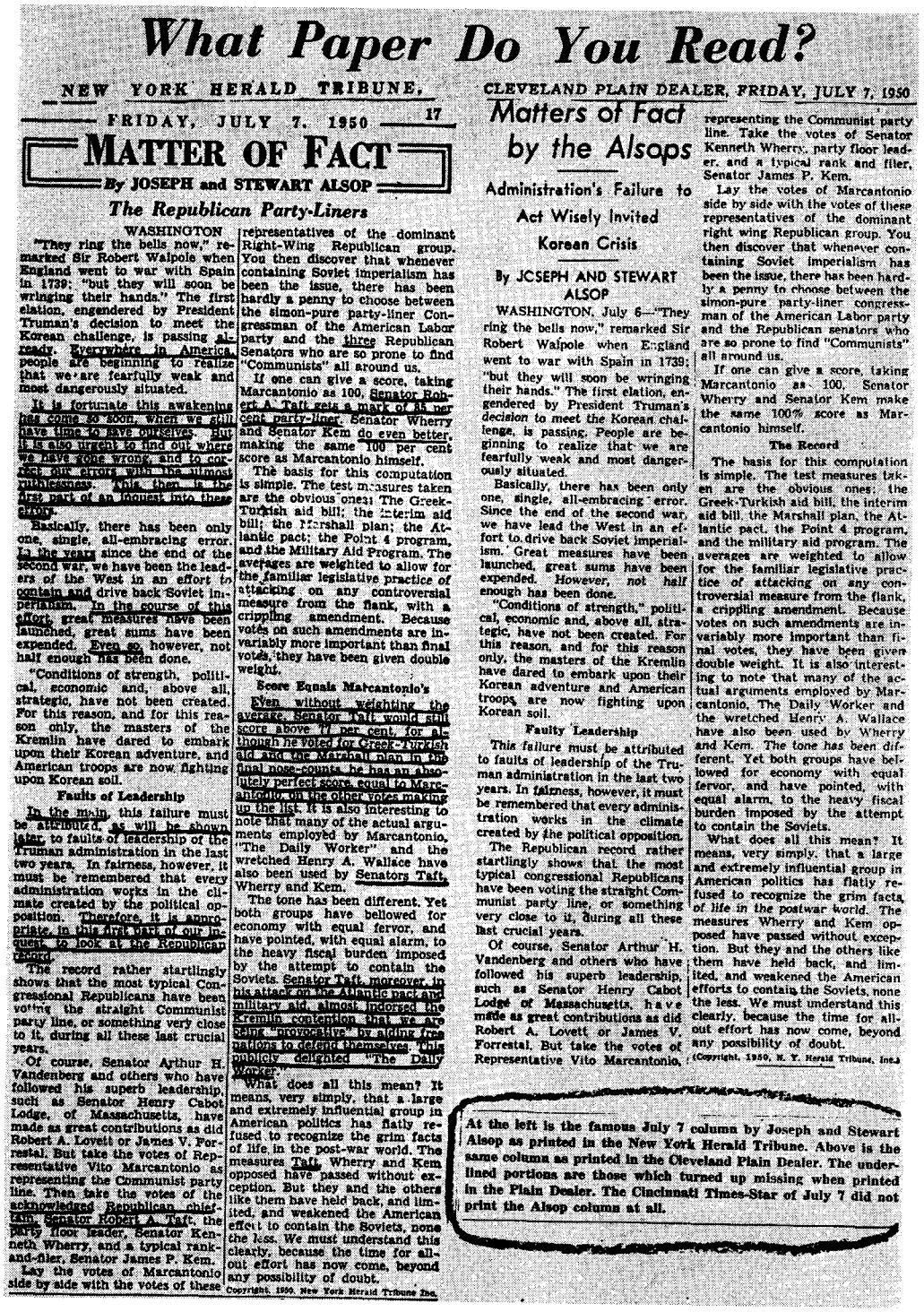
Plain Dealer and the New York *Herald Tribune*. A comparison of the Alsop column as carried by these two dailies showed that the *Plain Dealer* left out all references to Taft in the Alsops' discussion of those Republicans in Congress whose voting records paralleled that of Representative Marcantonio of New York. The Cincinnati *Times-Star* omitted the entire column for that day.

In a press conference with Cleveland journalists on October 24, Ferguson charged the *Plain Dealer* with a direct violation of the freedom of the press. Whether the "*P.D.*" was or was *not* guilty of such a violation could be disputed, but Ferguson's announcement itself—true or false—was news. No newspaper or wire service in the city carried the story, perhaps because the *Plain Dealer* was too important a business associate to alienate; but the *Guild Reporter*, the organ of the American Newspaper Guild, said: "Readers may be pardoned for being suspicious of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer's* continued boasting of the impartiality of its news handling. . . ."

Ferguson then sent a letter of protest to the *Plain Dealer's* editor by Western Union messenger. The editor's secretary acknowledged receipt of the letter. The following Sunday there was no trace of this letter on the page regularly devoted to letters to the editor. However, there were five letters from out of state praising Taft.



What Paper Do You Read?

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1950 17

MATTER OF FACT

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

The Republican Party-Liners

WASHINGTON

"They ring the bells now," remarked Sir Robert Walpole when England went to war with Spain in 1739; "but they will soon be wringing their hands." The first elation, engendered by President Truman's decision to meet the Korean challenge, is passing already. Everywhere in America, people are beginning to realize that we are fearfully weak and most dangerously situated.

It is fortunate this awakening has come so soon, when we still have time to save ourselves. But it is also urgent to find out where we have gone wrong, and to correct our errors with the utmost promptness. And then in the first part of an inquest into these errors,

Basically, there has been only one, single, all-embracing error. In the years since the end of the second war, we have been the leaders of the West in an effort to contain and drive back Soviet imperialism. In the course of this effort, great measures have been launched, great sums have been expended. Even so, however, not half enough has been done.

"Conditions of strength, political, economic and, above all, strategic, have not been created. For this reason, and for this reason only, the masters of the Kremlin have dared to embark upon their Korean adventure, and American troops are now fighting upon Korean soil.

Faults of Leadership

In the main, this failure must be attributed, as will be shown later, to faults of leadership of the Truman administration in the last two years. In fairness, however, it must be remembered that every administration works in the climate created by the political opposition. Therefore, it is appropriate, in this first part of our inquest, to look at the Republican record.

The record rather startlingly shows that the most typical Congressional Republicans have been voting the straight Communist party line, or something very close to it, during all these last crucial years.

Of course, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and others who have followed his superb leadership, such as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, have made as great contributions as did Robert A. Lovett or James V. Forrestal. But take the votes of Representative Vito Marcantonio as representing the Communist party line. Then take the votes of the acknowledged Republican chieftain, Senator Robert A. Taft, the party floor leader, Senator Kenneth Wherry, and a typical rank-and-filer, Senator James P. Kem.

Lay the votes of Marcantonio side by side with the votes of these representatives of the dominant Right-Wing Republican group. You then discover that whenever containing Soviet imperialism has been the issue, there has been hardly a penny to choose between the simon-pure party-liner Congressman of the American Labor party and the three Republican Senators who are so prone to find "Communists" all around us.

If one can give a score, taking Marcantonio as 100, Senator Robert A. Taft gets a mark of 85 per cent party-liner. Senator Wherry and Senator Kem do even better, making the same 100 per cent score as Marcantonio himself.

The basis for this computation is simple. The test measures taken are the obvious ones: The Greek-Turkish aid bill; the interim aid bill; the Marshall plan; the Atlantic pact; the Point 4 program, and the military Aid Program. The averages are weighted to allow for the familiar legislative practice of attacking on any controversial measure from the flank, with a crippling amendment. Because votes on such amendments are invariably more important than final votes, they have been given double weight.

Score Equals Marcantonio's

Even without weighting the average, Senator Taft would still score above 90 per cent, for although he voted for Greek-Turkish aid and the Marshall plan in the final nose-counts, he has an absolutely perfect score, equal to Marcantonio, on the other votes making up the list. It is also interesting to note that many of the actual arguments employed by Marcantonio, "The Daily Worker" and the wretched Henry A. Wallace have also been used by Senators Taft, Wherry and Kem.

The tone has been different. Yet both groups have bellowed for economy with equal fervor, and have pointed, with equal alarm, to the heavy fiscal burden imposed by the attempt to contain the Soviets. Senator Taft, moreover, in his attack on the Atlantic pact and military aid, almost indorsed the Kremlin contention that we are being "provocative" by aiding free nations to defend themselves. This publicly delighted "The Daily Worker".

What does all this mean? It means, very simply, that a large and extremely influential group in American politics has flatly refused to recognize the grim facts of life in the post-war world. The measures Taft, Wherry and Kem opposed have passed without exception. But they and the others like them have held back, and limited, and weakened the American effort to contain the Soviets, none the less. We must understand this clearly, because the time for all-out effort has now come, beyond any possibility of doubt.

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CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1950

Matters of Fact by the Alsops

Administration's Failure to Act Wisely Invited Korean Crisis

By JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON, July 6—"They ring the bells now," remarked Sir Robert Walpole when England went to war with Spain in 1739; "but they will soon be wringing their hands." The first elation, engendered by President Truman's decision to meet the Korean challenge, is passing. People are beginning to realize that we are fearfully weak and most dangerously situated.

Basically, there has been only one, single, all-embracing error. Since the end of the second war, we have lead the West in an effort to drive back Soviet imperialism. Great measures have been launched, great sums have been expended. However, not half enough has been done.

"Conditions of strength," political, economic and, above all, strategic, have not been created. For this reason, and for this reason only, the masters of the Kremlin have dared to embark upon their Korean adventure and American troops are now fighting upon Korean soil.

Faulty Leadership

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The Record

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At the left is the famous July 7 column by Joseph and Stewart Alsop as printed in the New York Herald Tribune. Above is the same column as printed in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The underlined portions are those which turned up missing when printed in the Plain Dealer. The Cincinnati Times-Star of July 7 did not print the Alsop column at all.

An added irony was that at the time one of the *Plain Dealer's* regular columnists was insisting that Ohio newspapers were giving the Senatorial race fair treatment and equal coverage.

During the campaign the Citizens' Committee for Ferguson collected two filing cabinet drawers of clippings. These showed that a vast preponderance of Ohio newspaper space had been allotted to Taft. One Cincinnati paper maintained that this unequal coverage was justified because Taft made news, and Ferguson did not. Others insisted that Ferguson offered no platform, but the Citizens' Committee alone could have shown them a fistful of news releases that had never been printed.

Apparently one had to go to out-of-state sources to hear, read, or see anything good about Mr. Ferguson, except for the usual campaign reports. New Yorkers could read about Taft's voting record, but Ohioans could not; readers of the Washington *Post* could see anti-Taft cartoons by Herblock, but Ohioans could not. The newsprint curtain had been drawn about the borders of Ohio.

—PETER B. PETROVICH

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To Man's Measure . . .

These Korean girls are playing at *nel-ttoui-ki* (seesaw) and if they have survived the wars they are old ladies now, when the snows are falling on Korea, because the artist Ki San, of the village of Tcho-ryang near Pusan, painted them in 1886. (*Korean Games*, Stewart Culin, University of Pennsylvania, 1895.) They are on this page because it is useful to remember that there is innocence still in the world and, if it is easiest to evoke it with a picture of children playing in Korea at a game children play in Kansas, you cannot stop with the innocence of children—that is too easy—you have to talk about the innocence of grown-ups.

Grown-up innocence is anything that escapes denunciation by Senator McCarthy or Mr. Vishinsky. We see the world from a political point of view; innocence does not. We look at the nations of the world and we block them in colors on the map; we mark them red for Communist, white for our side; we draw little pictures of Russian, American, German, French, British, Chinese men, making each a symbol scaled to the number of divisions their nations can provide for the world civil war; we make these little figures speak for their nations. There are other voices. The innocent speak for themselves alone, closed in happiness or sorrow—the lonely, the engaged couple looking on Saturday afternoon at the muddy lot which will be landscaped round the pastel house in the real-estate development, or:

When, in the rehearsal hall in Moscow, the conductor stops the orchestra: "I do not care under whom you have studied, fiddles, all I want is a clean scale. I will take care of the interpretation later. We shall start by playing the notes as they are written. First violins alone now, four bars before the letter G . . . and now the horns . . . four bars before the letter G . . . and now everybody . . . and now we shall have a break because I cannot hear, I cannot hear, I cannot hear the plaintive flute at all." Technicians are innocent.

The postcard shows a bright blue Lake of Geneva with a white Mont Blanc, white swans, a white side-wheel paddle steamer. An elderly bank clerk has hooked his umbrella handle onto his bowler hat to make sure that it will not blow off. He is dressed all in black because it is Sunday. His bank, throughout the war, accepted French deposits, German and Italian deposits, and after the war has paid them back—to our great scandal. His country, throughout the war, remained neutral—to our great scandal. After a while the bank clerk disappears from the top deck; he has gone below to drink three decilitres of sharp Swiss white wine that is served to him in a carafe with a line cut in the glass at the proper height to show that the measure is exact. The excursionist on any lake, anywhere, is innocent.

When you are in Matera, in the south of Italy, between Potenza and the Gulf of Taranto, you look out at ravined barren hills—that are not like the gentle Umbrian hills which so often form the background in Italian paintings of the Sienese or the Florentine schools. You look down a precipice into a valley far below and there you see patches of green, little plots of cultivated land. In the wall of this precipice—the stone is soft—fifteen thousand people, half the town's population, have carved out grottoes in which to live. These people work the fields in the valley; in the evening they return to the dark, stone recesses that are their homes, climbing the steep paths they have cut in the stone, carrying with them water and the produce of their fields. The marriage bed, the stove, the mule are in their caverns, and bundled straw for the children to sleep on; parental portraits—photographs—hang framed on the walls, and holy pictures. The walls are plastered but the damp has seeped through, staining them.

The poor, anywhere, in any country, are innocent.

In Korea winter has come and the snow falls on the innocent (it falls too on the aggressor, the guilty) on all who advance and retreat, survive or die. The cold holds them impartially. The Americans there, the British, the soldiers of the United Nations, think now of the farms at home in winter, with Christmas coming, and the log fires bright in the fireplace, or they think of the city streets with all the lights turned up in the apartment houses when the evening falls. The Koreans and the Chinese have homes also.

In the United States an old lady named Grandma Moses paints landscapes of the hills and valleys of New York State, peopled with children playing, as children in Korea play, and grown-ups coming in and out of their homes attending to the fields according to the season. These little figures may as well stand for all the innocent everywhere. —GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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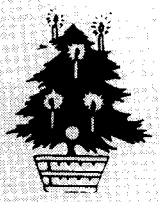

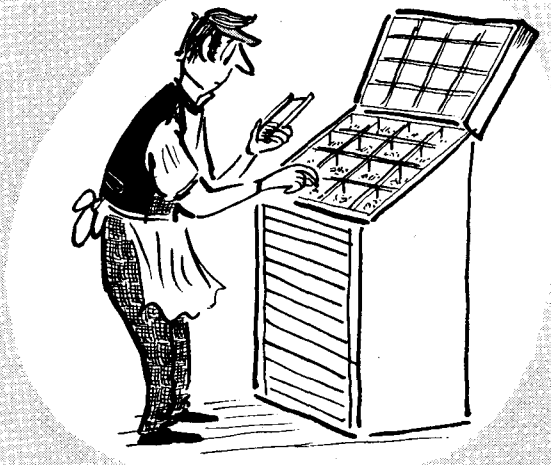

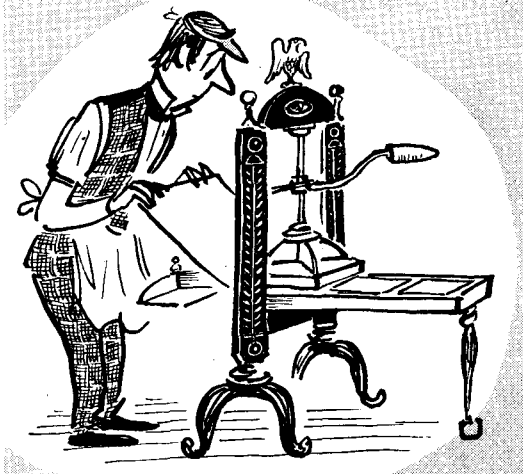

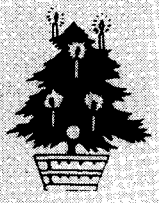

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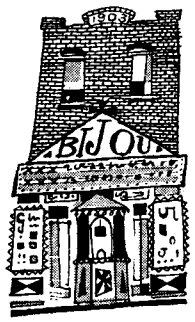
Front and Center:

Mostly About Mankiewicz



Two years ago a movie called *A Letter to Three Wives* delighted us with its wit and the acuteness of its comment on three couples from suburbia. It was a gem of a picture, ingeniously constructed and expertly written, in a genre which is surprisingly rare in Hollywood's output—the film of social commentary. As one looks over American films, one is struck by the absence of movies primarily concerned with the manners and mores of different layers of the social structure. *A Letter to Three Wives* stood out as a movie about people from a middle class governed by considerations of status, money, and sexual conquest. This delicious film was written for the screen and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who has also given us *No Way Out,* a study in race prejudice. And now, from his pen and under his direction, there comes what is by all odds the most literate film of the year, *All About Eve.*

All About Eve starts with the granting of an acting award to an intelligent and appealing young actress (Anne Baxter) who has shot into stardom apparently over the hostility of a group of blasé theater people. A cynical narrator's voice guides us across the reactions of these people: the bitter, middle-aged actress who wanted the part for which the award is being given (Bette Davis), the director of the play (Gary Merrill), the wife of the playwright (Celeste Holm), the playwright (Hugh Marlowe), and the narrator himself, a debonair and acidulous drama critic (George Sanders). The story is told in a long flashback, narrated by the various characters, which unravels the tale of the young actress—who turns out to be an ambitious, conniving bitch who insinuated herself into the graces of a great star and played upon vanity and malice to gain the triumph she desired.

It is not necessary to catalogue the full-bodied details which make up the plot. One of the best things about *All About Eve,* indeed, is that its plot appears to be a function of its characters; its action is a consequence of the pressures which its characters exert upon each other; its story moves with unforced naturalness because it flows from an exploration of the people with whom the story is concerned. The movie is, in fact, an incisive piece of anthropology—a field trip into that curious and specialized society known as The Theater.

Mankiewicz moves through the universe of Broadway with a perceptive eye and ear. I doubt whether more precise dialogue can be heard anywhere on the stage today—not excluding T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party.* There have been any number of plays and movies about "backstage," most of them characterized by a phony inflation of values, an essentially maudlin attitude concerning The Theater and the gracious people who suffer in it, giving their All for Art or the Audience. Mankiewicz loves the theater as much as the next man, but his attitude toward actors, directors, and producers is that of an amused adult at a children's party. In the words of the drama critic in *All About Eve,* theater people are "concentrated gatherings of neurotics—egomaniacs, emotional misfits, precocious children." When someone remarks, "The show must go on," someone else sighs, "No, dear; Margo must go on." Another character expresses the arresting view that theater people "all have abnormality in common. We are a breed apart from the rest of humanity. We are the original displaced personalities."

All About Eve is populated by characters who express themselves with uncommon exactness and relevance. It is all about people "who have every reason for happiness—except happiness." The movie pours out its brightness for two hours and twenty minutes. It is at least twenty minutes too long, but one can forgive length in a creation of such zest and inventiveness.

No film could be better acted. As Margo Channing, a brilliant actress with alcoholic episodes and a profound anxiety about her age and herself as a woman, Bette Davis is superb. Celeste Holm is a delight as a "nonprofessional" (i.e., a wife), and Anne Baxter is perfect as the little schemer. George Sanders uses one of the best voices in the business, and unfailing poise, to round out the characterization of a cad. Gary Merrill, as the director, is both more interesting and human than such roles generally permit, and Hugh Marlowe makes the playwright unliterary and understandable.

The *aficionado* of movies learns to identify a creative talent with its own particular style and substance. What Mankiewicz has done in *All About Eve,* as in *A Letter to Three Wives,* is to put the seal of personal monopoly on an entire area of dramatic material—the field of social commentary. He selects six people and tells us all sorts of amusing things about them, and soon his comment becomes the story of the larger group from which the six were chosen. The only other commentator on society whom Hollywood produced in recent years was, I think, Preston Sturges, who possessed an outlandish sense of caricature and worked with the broadest strokes of exaggeration (*The Miracle of Morgan's Creek, Hail the Conquering Hero*). Mankiewicz is more naturalistic. He never steps over the edge of satire. And as a satirist, he has the sure touch of those who exercise absolute control over subtle and tantalizing material. It has been a long time since the screen has offered us anything as adult, as full of insight, or (in the favorable sense of the word) as sophisticated as *All About Eve.*

—Leo Rosten

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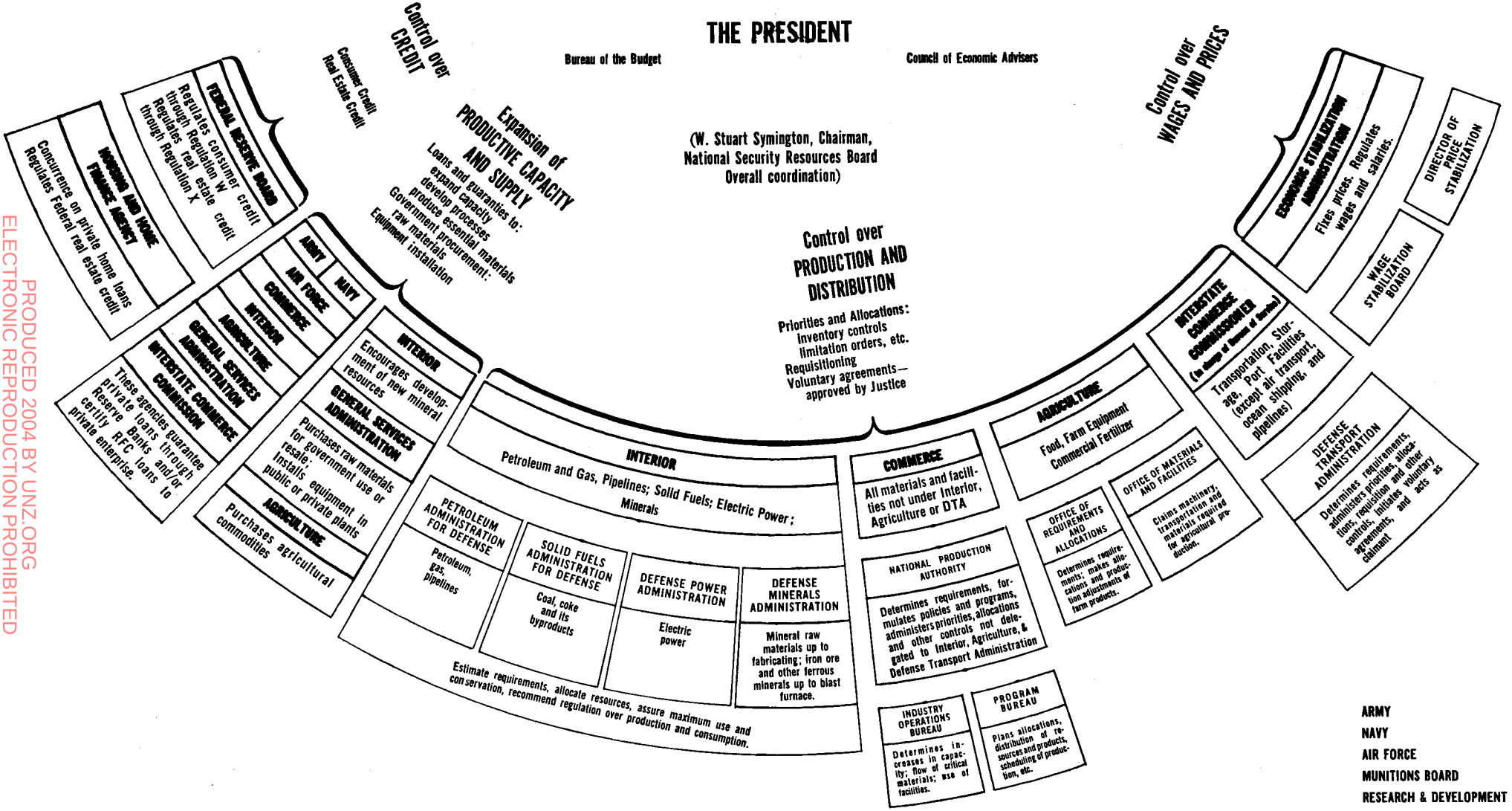
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The Defense Production Act also set up a Senate-House "Watchdog" Committee on Defense Production. Other Congressional Committees which will closely watch the President's use of these new powers are: Senate Armed Services Preparedness Subcommittee; House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Defense Subcommittee; House Judiciary Monopoly Subcommittee and Joint Economic Committee.

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